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Local and foreign business notices, 10 cents per line, of 100 words or less, each insertion. Ten lines to the inch.

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NORTHERN PACIFIC—Arrives daily, Sundays excepted, at 7:15 p. m. Leaves daily, except Sunday, at 7:45 a. m. For St. Paul, Minneapolis, and all points west of St. Paul, except Sunday, at 8 a. m. For St. Paul, Minneapolis, and all points west of St. Paul, except Sunday, at 8 a. m. For St. Paul, Minneapolis, and all points west of St. Paul, except Sunday, at 8 a. m.

Carson's Picturesque Northwest Black Hills Number.
Charles A. Carson, editor and publisher of this handsome monthly, the design of which is to illustrate the most attractive parts of Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, and other parts of the northwest, and contain live, concise, original and selected descriptions of the material possibilities and present development of the sections illustrated, will, during the month of May visit the Black Hills for the purpose of producing a number which will be profusely illustrated from sketches and designs by W. P. Hooper, graduate of the Boston school of art, and now an artist in the employ of the Illustrated London (England) News, London (England) Graphic, Harper Bros., Carson's Northwest and other picturesque periodicals of more or less note. It is the design of the publisher to make the Black Hills number in illustration and typographical art the superior in every respect of the celebrated tourists on Colorado and other scenic sections of the Rocky Mountain range. An immense number will be issued and offered for sale throughout all the newspapers of the United States and Canada. This number suggests brilliant possibilities of the work of Carson and Hooper's eyes and pen in a most promising field. The publication and its proprietor come well recommended from all parts of the northwest. Published formerly at Fargo, D. T., but now at St. Paul, Minn., at \$2 per annum, its typographical design, its well-cut engravings on wood, its topics and its editorial management speak for it what it well deserves, viz: a cordial support and a glorious future.

Brule City.

Who is it that hasn't heard of Brule City and its owner, Charley Collins? Brule City is just now coming into prominence occasioned by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway company, making it the Missouri River terminal point on main trunk line to Black Hills. There is a vast empire of government land all around Brule—which is the county seat of Brule county, and located on the Missouri river opposite the mouth of White river. Charley Collins laid out the "Coming Capital" ten years ago, and it now bids fair to realize all that his patient perseverance deserves. He offers great inducements in the way of city lots and land to people in any line of business to locate there. He has just issued a mammoth edition of his latest newspaper prodigy, The Brule City Times, which is filled with information of interest to every one seeking a new home or desirous of learning of the resources, advantages and opportunities afforded those coming to reside in this territory. He is now issuing a mammoth edition of another paper, The Dakota Homesteeker, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of a three cent postage stamp.

The well developed mines on the extension of the Cora vein are the Geo. B. McClellan, Sitting Bull, Washington, Morris, and the Cora vein. The company owning this mine is incorporated under the laws of Iowa with a capital of \$500,000. O. P. Auker was the first to purchase a stamp mill for this mine. The mill will be built under his supervision. Professor Voshburg estimates the Bald Mountain mine, embraced in the Rains interest, to contain \$102,341,313, assuming the depth of ore to be only twenty feet. It is probably several times twenty feet in depth.

The light wood shades used this spring are very effective for throwing up the colors of embroidery, and many clever needlewomen among those not obliged to work for daily bread are engaged in transferring the sweetness of meadow and forest to the fine, soft materials which will constitute the groundwork of charming costumes for the pleasant season up which we are entering.

How to Obtain Land From the Government.

THE HOMESTEAD ACT.

The applicant must be a citizen of the United States, or must take out his first papers declaring his intention to become a citizen. He must be 21 years old, or the head of a family. He may enter 160 acres, or any subdivision thereof. The land office fee is \$13 if the land is within the railroad limit, or \$74 if without that limit. The applicant is required within six months from the day of filing to have a house built and his family moved on to the claim. His residence must be a continued one for years. He is not however required to live on it day and night continually; but he must not be absent more than six months at any one time. A longer absence will forfeit the claim. At the expiration of five years' residence he submits his proof that he has lived on the land and cultivated it. He then gets his patent (deed) from the president of the United States. Any contract to convey a portion or the whole of his claim before making final proof destroys his rights. An abandonment of claim or a change of residence works a forfeiture. An unmarried woman may take a claim, and if she marries, a continued residence on the land will give her title in her own name. Any time after six months of actual residence the occupant may make final proof and pay for his land at rate of \$2.50 per acre, if within a railroad limit, or \$2.25 if without. This does not effect in any way his rights as a pre-emptor. A homestead cannot be taken for past debts.

A soldier who served in the war of the rebellion on Union side has a right to take a lien on 160 acres for six months upon the payment of \$2. This may be done through an attorney in fact. Evidence of the military service of the applicant must be submitted at the same time. The soldier is given a year from date of filing his lien to build his house in and move on to his claim. Every year of service in the army, not exceeding four, is deducted from the five. He must live at least one year on the homestead, whatever the length of his military service.

THE PRE-EMPTION ACT.

The applicant for a pre-emption must possess the same qualifications as the homestead settler. The pre-emptor can take 160 acres or any surveyed subdivision thereof. Within 90 days after making his settlement, he must file at the local land office a notice, giving the boundaries of his claim according to the government survey and the date of his settlement or first improvements. For this filing he must pay \$2. It may be a plain statement of the facts written by himself and sent in by mail. Within 33 months from the date of this settlement the claimant must submit his final proof. He must show both a residence and cultivation of the land for agricultural purposes—a habitable dwelling, and an amount of other improvements, like plowing, stable, well, etc.—that will be satisfactory to the land officers and evidence of compliance with the spirit of the law. There is no definite valuation, as a minimum prescribed by law. The financial circumstances of the pre-emptor, the area claimed, and the quality and general character of the land are considered in determining the sufficiency of the improvements. The time of settlement and actual residence are strictly required. After six months of actual residence the pre-emptor may submit his final proof of the requisite improvements. He must appear in person at the land office and give his testimony, and produce two credible witnesses who will swear to the same facts. If the witnesses live at a distance and their presence would be both expensive and inconvenient, their affidavits may be taken before any officer qualified to administer an oath under the territorial laws. Upon making his final proof the pre-emptor must pay \$12.50 per acre or \$2.00. Any time before that 33 months expires the claimant may convert his claim into a homestead by making application at the land office and paying the homestead fee. No person who quits or abandons his residence on his own land to reside on public land in the same State or territory, or who owns 320 acres of land anywhere, is entitled to the benefits of the pre-emption law. These disabilities, however, do not apply to the homestead or timber culture act. The privileges of all of these acts cannot be duplicated or repeated. Claims before the perfection of title are not transferable.

THE TIMBER CULTURE ACT.

The land office fee under this act upon making an entry is \$14. The applicant is entitled to enter 160 acres on any section naturally devoid of timber. It must be the whole section that is barren of timber and not the 160 alone. Only one tree claim can be taken on a section. It takes eight years under this law to acquire title, but actual residence is not one of the requisites in getting it. The first year the claimant breaks five acres. The second year he cultivates that five to crop and breaks five more. The third year he plants the first five in trees and cultivates the second five to crop. The fourth year he plants the second five in trees and then has ten acres of trees. There is a small fee on making proof, but no other expense in securing title. He may break the whole and cultivate it and plant 10 acres or more the first year.

GENERAL REMARKS.

An unmarried woman of age can take advantage of the benefits of these acts the same as a man. If she marries before she has accepted title she can proceed to prove up at the proper time the same as if she had remained single. In case of the death of a claimant before the title is perfected, his heirs or administrators may submit their final proof after he has completed the requirements of the law. Settlers can avail themselves of the privileges of these laws but once. Claims are not transferable before the title there is. A qualified applicant may take a pre-emption and a tree culture at the same time, or a homestead and a tree culture at the same time. As soon as he has proved up on his pre-emption, he can at once take a homestead and in that way can get possession of 480 acres within a year of first settlement. All the sons and daughters of age can avail themselves of the benefits of the land laws.

A Natural Gift.

There is no mistake about it—to write acceptably for the press requires a natural aptitude. Some fond parents educate their sons with the special view of making journalists of them, but it is rare that we hear of these young men after a few years. Meanwhile, some youth born among the hills, having nothing more than a common-school education, and the knowledge scraped up in a country printing office, will advance to the front rank in his profession. He has the journalistic knack, and forces recognition because he has it. He gets into a good position, not because he has wealthy parents to influence the proprietors of leading newspapers, but because he knows what to write and how to write it. His articles go in because they supply a demand, while perhaps the elaborate essays of a man educated on two continents are cast into the waste-basket. The good writer is born, not made.

Fresh Air.

Live out of doors as much as you can. It is the place for a man to be. It is good for the health. A distinguished physician was in the habit of saying: "However bad the air may be out of doors, it is always worse in the house." It is good for the temper. People who are always shut up in a house are apt to grow fretful and peevish. They are prone to acquire narrow views of things, and to worry over trials not worth considering. It is good for the whole character—for strength, hope, patience and fortitude. It expands and softens one's nature and makes us more charitable.

A Preacher Sues for His Fee.

Rev. S. T. Aldrich, of Hornellsville, N. Y., sued the Sheriff of Steuben county for the fees due him for preaching the funeral sermon of the Sheriff's father. Aldrich charges \$12 for such services, and he says, in a business-like way, "I have freely served without compensation, both in Hornellsville and elsewhere; but, for those who are able to pay, I see no reason, either on the ground of good taste, or common honesty, why they should meanly refuse to render an honest equivalent for what they have gladly enjoyed." "Gladly enjoyed" a funeral sermon is good.

LAND LAWS.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

McLean and Macnider

Wholesale Grocers,

No. 54 Main Street,

Steamboat and Freighters' Supplies.

Agents for All Kinds of Improved Farm Machinery. Sole Agents for the SCHLITZ

Milwaukee Export Beer.

REAPERS

THE McCormick Harvesting Machine Co.

Manufacturers of

Harvesters,

Binders,

Reapers,

Mowers,

AND

Droppers.

OFFICE AND WORKS: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

The McCormick Imperial

This is the Latest Improved, the Strongest Built, the Smoothest Running, and the Most Thorough Working Combined Reaper and Mower in the market. It has two bars, one five feet cut for Reaping, and the other four feet cut for Mowing. It is a Complete Machine in every respect, and commands the praise of the Farming Public on sight.

The McCormick Iron Mower

Is a 4-foot Front Cut, Jointed Bar, Iron Frame Machine, and weighs, complete, ready for the field, 580 pounds. It is very Light of Draft, is built of the Best of Material, and is Warranted to be very durable. Farmers wanting to buy the Latest Improved and Best Mower in the world, should be sure to see it.

THE McCORMICK

Self-Binding Harvester

Is the only Reliable and Perfect-working Harvester and Self-Binder in the market. With it one man and a good team of Horses, can cut and bind an Acre of Grain per hour. It is the greatest Grain and Labor-Saving Machine of the age. Farmers with large Grain crops should be sure to examine into its merits.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST.

McLean & Macnider, Agents, Bismarck, Dakota.

M. SHEEHAN, Gen. Agt., Fargo, Dakota.

HARVESTING MACHINERY

The Chief of Threshers!

THE MINNESOTA CHIEF,

MANUFACTURED BY

SEYMOUR, SABIN & CO.,

STILLWATER, MINN.

It is neither a Vibrator nor an Apron Machine,

But far surpasses either in all the essential requisites of a perfect threshing machine.

IT IS WONDERFUL IN ITS SIMPLICITY.

It is easy of management, light running, capable of very rapid threshing, as the Separating Table and Sieves will take care of all that can be passed the Cylinder.

In separating and cleaning it excels all others.

It threshes everything a farmer has to thresh—Wheat, Rye, Oats, Barley, Flax, Timothy, Millet, Clover and Peas. It handles Flax and Timothy neatly as rapidly as grain, requiring no change of parts, except Sieves, and cleans them fit for market. With its Clover Attachment it threshes Clover fully equal to any Huller.

If you want the LIGHTEST RUNNING, the BEST GRAIN CLEANING, the GREATEST GRAIN SAVING, the FASTEST SEED THRESHING, and LEAST EXPENSIVE Machine in the Market, buy "The Minnesota Chief." We also manufacture the Improved Pitts Power, the Improved Woodbury & Edwards Equalizing Horse Power, and a Superior Chain Equalizer for all Powers.

Send for Pamphlets, Engine Circulars and Price List.

M. P. SLATTERY,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

Groceries, Crockery, Flour,

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Jamestown, D. T.

A very full line of Groceries and Dry Goods and satisfaction as to prices and goods guaranteed.

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH

BITTERS

Fortify the System

And you are armed against disease. The finest tonic for this purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which renders digestion easy and complete, counteracts biliousness, and keeps the bowels in order, and so genial and beneficial are its effects, that not only is the body invigorated and regulated by its use, but despondency banished from the mind.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

MINNEAPOLIS ADVERTISEMENT,

SEEDS, TREES, PLANTS.

FOR FARM, VEGETABLE, AND FLOWER GARDENS.

CORN—Dent and Flint, several varieties. Grass Seed—All kinds. Potatoes—Early and Late. Beans—New White Proctor, 12 bush to acre. Artichokes—Red Brazil, perfectly hardy. Amber Sugar Cane, southern seed. Trees—Fruit, Shade, Ornamental, Evergreens and small fruits, a fine assortment; all Northern grown. White Willow and Lombardy Poplar, cuttings. Plants—A very fine collection of Green House and Early Vegetable Plants, including all the latest and best grown.

BEAUTY OF HEBRON.

W. H. ELLIOT, City Market, Minneapolis, Minn.

J. H. MARSHALL,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

BOOTS AND SHOES.

FULL LINE OF GLOVES, HOSIERY, TRUNKS AND VALISES.

GENTS' CUSTOM MADE BOOTS A SPECIALTY.

Prompt attention given to orders by mail

WAGONS.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST

Wagon & Carriage Works.

Superior Finish and Durability.

Farm, Freight and Plantation Wagons,

Especially Adapted to the Great Northwest.

ALSO

Light Open and Top Buggies, and Family Carriages, Business, Express and Platform Spring Wagons of any desirable Size, Style or Kind.

GENERAL OFFICE, South Bend, Ind.

REPOSITORY, 151 & 153 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

McLEAN & MACNIDER, Agents, Bismarck, Dakota.

Send for Catalogue, and refer to this Advertisement.

PIONEER HARDWARE STORE,

GEORGE PEOPLES,

Having Purchased the Entire Business of R. C. SEIP & CO. I Shall Put in

NEW CAPITAL, NEW STOCK

IN EVERY LINE, AND BE PREPARED TO SUPPLY EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN HARDWARE STORES AT LOWER PRICES THAN HERETOFORE.

COOK STOVES,

Enough to Supply the whole Region Bought and Shipped at Low Rates.

Tinware, Steamboat Supplies, Kitchen Ware, &c.

Large Stock of Pocket Knives, Shears and scissors.

Corner main and Third St., Bismarck, D. T.

EMERSON N. COREY,

U. S. COMMISSIONER,

Judge of Probate, and Clerk of District Court.

Office one door below Tribune Block, my31v7n6.

N. DUNKLEBERG,

General Dealer in

Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Doors,

Mouldings Window Glass.

BUILDING MATERIAL

of all kinds.

BISMARCK, D.T.

ERIE & MILWAUKEE LINE,

Via New York, Lake Erie and Western, Great Western, Detroit and Milwaukee, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad.

Shortest and Most Direct Route

to all points in the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Northern Illinois and Iowa, Montana and Dakota, Territories, Manitoba and British Possessions.

Mark property "E. & M. Line," and deliver to New York, Lake Erie & Western Railway foot of Duane St. or 22d St., North River, or Pier 8, East River.

To insure Quick Time and have property shipped on Fast Trains, deliver Freight at our Depot, Foot of Duane Street, before 5:30 o'clock p. m.

Get Bills of Lading from G. T. NUTTER, Agent, 401 Broadway, N. Y.

Through Bills Lading given to all foreign points.

A. J. COOPER, General Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

J. W. CRIPPER, Northwestern Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

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THOS. ALTON, Contracting Agent, 401 Broadway, N. Y.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

AUNT PHILLIS' GUEST.

I was young and "Harry" was strong.
The "runner" was bursting from sky and plain.
Then our blood as we bounded along,
Till a picture flashed—and I dropped the rein.

Black sea creek, that like a snake
Slipped through a low green league of sedge,
An ebbing tide and setting sun,
And a hut and a woman by the edge.

Her back was bent and her wool was gray,
The wrinkles close on the withered face;
Children were buried and sold away;
The freedom had come to the last of the race.

She lived from a neighbor's hominy-pot;
There was praise in the hut "the pain"
passed by.
From its floor dirt the smoke curled out
Where the shingles were patched with bright
blue sky.

"Aunt Phillis you live here all alone?"
I asked, and tilted the gray old head;
Sure as a child, in quiet tone,
"Me and Jesus, Massy," she said

I started, for all the place was aglow
With a presence I had not seen before;
The air was full of music low,
And the Gues! Divine stood at the door!

Aye, it was true that the Lord of Life,
Who with the widow gave her life,
Had washed the slave in her weary strife,
And showed him up to her longing sight

The hut and the dirt, the rag and the skin,
The groveling want and the darkened mind
looked on this, but the Lord, within,
(I would what He saw in me to find!)

A child like soul He found, with force
To see what the angel is in bliss.
She lived and the Lord lived—so of course
They lived together. She knew but this.

And the life that I had almost despised
As something to pity, so poor and low,
Had already borne fruit that the Lord so
pride

He loved to come near and see it grow.

No sorrow for her that the life was done,
A few days more of the hut's unrest,
A little while longer to sit in the sun—
Then He would be host, and I would be
guest.

And up above, if an angel of light
Should stop on his errand of love some day,
And ask "Who lives in the mansion bright?"
"Me and Jesus," Aunt Phillis will say.

A fancy, foolish and fond, it seems!
And to this and not to Aunt Phillis dreams,
Friend be it so;
But this I know—
That our faiths are foolish by falling below,
Not coming above, what God will show;
That his commonest thing hides a wonder
vast

To whose beauty your eyes have never passed;
That his fact in the present or in the to-be
Outshines the best that we think to see.

Wm. C. Gannett.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

Sin like satin, with a delicate blush
in cheek and lip; dark blue eyes, liquid
as violets after a shower; a sweet, mobile
mouth; masses of sunny hair looped away
with orange-blossoms, and shining where
the light touched it, like burnished gold—
there was not in the whole Academy,
albeit an opera night, another face as
bewilderingly lovely as that. Nor as
recherche a toilet. She sat nearly opposite
to us; a creamy opera-cloak about
her shoulders, a robe of royal purple,
heavily embroidered, flowing over the
velvet seat. One small hand in its delicate
glove rested upon the cushion, the
"diamonds on its wrist flashing and trem-
bling in the light, like dew upon a lily;
the other swayed a curious fan slowly to
and fro, every fluctuation stirring the
soft hair upon her temples and the lace
about her white throat.

"Who is she? Do you know her?" I
asked Melodius Silverstring, who sat be-
side me busy with his opera-glasses.

He nodded and laughed.

"You have heard me speak of the beau-
ty of Constance Willing—have I exag-
gerated, do you think?"

I was silent. The admiration I felt
could not be put into words, least of all
to my companion.

"Who are those people with her?"

"The dowager on her left, in black sat-
in and guipure, is her mother; the stout
gentleman to the right, with the bald
head and dogberry nose, her—By Jove!
what a pretty face!" cried the volatile
Melodius, distracted by a fresh shoal of
opera cloaks.

"Her father, I suppose?" suggested I,
as a gentle reminder.

"Ah! beg pardon, the stout gentleman
—that's her husband (don't gape it isn't
becoming), her husband, Ingersoll Gol-
decken, Esq., one of the richest brokers
on Third Street. Did you not hear of
the wedding? Miss Kulmansegg's wasn't
a circumstance to it."

"Beauty and the Beast," grumbled I.
"Why, she is a mere child, he—"

"Make room, boys," interrupted a fa-
miliar voice, and our friend Captain Fred
Rivers dropped down among us.

"How are you, Silverstrings? How
are you, Rufus? Full house, this, for
war times, eh? The Germans make a
better fist at it than the Italians."

"When did you get up, Fred?" said I.

"Left Washington yesterday, after
some despatches. Didn't expect to stop
this long, but I touched at your rooms as
I was passing, and Der Feischütz tempt-
ed me. Is Johansen as due—Hold on!"
and Fred snatched at Silverstring's opera?
glasses. "Isn't that Constance Willing—
Jupiter Tonans! but she is glorious!"
and old Money is the foil. Well, well,"
said Fred, dropping the glass and strok-
ing his moustache dreamily, "what a
green world this is, after all! One, stiff
and cold in the squalid bed of a hospital;
the other, braving it out, bright-haired
and blooming, in diamonds and an opera-
cloak!"

"You're a man," said I.

"I wish I did, You remember Harry
Singleton, boys?"

"Of course we did."

"He is dead," said Fred, looking gloom-
ily at the stage.

Melodius was annoyed. He was a
flippant butterfly, darting up and down
only the gay gardens of life. There might
be deserts, there might be sombre
spots, there might be destitution and
misery, and even death, somewhere, but
he didn't want to hear it. What was it
to him? What, indeed? He shivered and
fell off to the companionship of an opera-
cloak close by.

Fred was too preoccupied to notice his
departure.

"Yes, Harry Singleton is dead," he re-
peated, slowly, "and that woman over
there"—glancing at the beautiful, smil-
ing face—"Constance Willing, Mrs. Gol-
decken, if she likes that better, is his
murderess in the sight of God!"

"Those are harsh words, Fred."

"Not harsher than she deserves, Heaven
knows!" he ejaculated, warily.

"What do you know about her?"

"This much: that Singleton trusted her
and she deceived him; that he had
as noble a heart as ever beat in a man's
breast, and she tossed it aside when it
served her, as if it had been a soiled
glove or a broken fan. It was she who
drove him into the army."

"I was surprised, I must confess, when
I heard of his commission."

"Everybody was surprised. Singleton
was an artist, a Bohemian, no more fitted
for military life than an angel is fit for a
scavenger. It was the death of him.
They called it brain fever. I call it a
broken heart. What more could she do?"

"Might you not have misunderstood?"
She is so fair, young, innocent-looking."

"Whited sepulchre!" was the contempt-
uous return. "I have no patience or pity
for a mercenary woman."

"Hush! she is nodding this way; is it
to you?"

Fred looked up and returned it grave-
ly. How eager Mrs. Goldecken looked,
and how her lovely face flushed under
his gaze! Just then a number of gentle-
men strolled into the lobby, the bald-
headed broker among the rest. Mrs.
Willing was engrossed with some elderly
ladies who had just entered the box, and
Constance sat alone in the front playing
nervously with the tassels of her cloak.
She glanced quickly about her, and then,
bending forward, made an almost imper-
ceptible gesture.

Fred stood up reluctantly.

"She wants me; I must go to her," he
muttered between his teeth; "and I'd rat-
her face a battery."

"Have some pity on her," I whispered,
as he strode off.

If a few moments I saw him enter the
box. Mamma Willing saluted him cordi-
ally; he was a handsome fellow, and of
unquestionable family. They offered
him a seat among the dowagers, but he
bowed, and crossed over to Constance. I
was surprised to see how calmly she
greeted him. The flush had subsided,
the leisure swaying of the fan was re-
sumed. She looked up at him as he bent
over her chair, brilliant, bright-eyed and
self-collected, and seemed to talk com-
mon-places. With his feeling in the
matter, mentally contrasting, no doubt,
the dead with the living, this indiffer-
ence assumed or otherwise, could not but
be galling to him. He gave one glance
at me, his lips compressed, his eyes flash-
ing, then bending over her and whisper-
ing apparently but a few words, he turned
abruptly on his heel and then disap-
peared.

The young bride sat still a moment.
Her head was thrown back, her face as
white as death, still listening, her glitter-
ing eyes wandering vacantly over the
crowded house; then she got up, tot-
tering; took a step or two, groping blind-
ly before her with outstretched hands,
and fell.

There was a frightened stir among
the ladies in the box, and I could see
them crowd about her, bending down
and fanning; then Goldecken and one of
the ushers coming in, the motionless fig-
ure with its rich dress flowing, and its
sunny head drooping like a broken flow-
er, was lifted and carried slowly out, leav-
ing the box empty.

Of course the adjacent seats started;
but the footlights flashed up again, the
orchestra sounded and the curtain rising
upon the midnight interview between
Samuel Gasper, the grim howl, the death-
heads and mysterious bullets, soon dis-
tracted the volatile public.

Fred Rivers came round and laid a
heavy hand on my shoulder.

"I promised to sup with Silverstring
to-night," he said, quickly, "but you
must make my excuses. I couldn't go
it now."

"What have you done, Fred?" I asked
glancing toward the empty box.

His eye followed mine; he started in
surprise.

"What has become of her?"

"Fainted, and was taken out. That
was your work, Hotspur."

"Come out of this," said Fred, hurried-
ly; "it is stifling."

A little crowd was on the pavement,
and a carriage drove slowly away as we
ran down the steps.

"Any thing wrong?" we asked a loung-
er.

"A lady fainted—Goldecken's wife, the
rich broker who—"

"That will do," said Fred, shortly; ad-
ding, as we walked on, "I didn't give
her credit for that much feeling."

"You should not have tested her so
publicly. What did you say to her?"

Fred burst out hotly.

"Were you watching her? Did you see
how cool she was in her 'purple and
fine linen,' her diamonds and her indif-
ference, fanning herself like a lazy queen,
when the very sight of a uniform should
have pierced her like an arrow? Per
Baccho! I could not stand it. 'What
news from the South, Captain Rivers?'
said she, smiling. 'News, madam?' re-
turned I, slowly; 'I have but one piece
of news for you. Harry Singleton is dead,
and you have killed him.' With that I
left her."

And with that he left me likewise; for
with an abrupt "Good-night" he turned
into the depot, and I saw no more of him
for a month. Then it was in Washing-
ton. We were breakfasting at Wilkard's,
a party of us, Melodius Silverstring among
the rest.

Silverstring had the morning paper,
reading aloud occasional tit-bits, flutter-
ing through the news in his butterfly
fashion.

All of a sudden he halted with a dis-
mal whistle. I was leaning over his
shoulder and saw it before he read it:
"On the 15th, at Goldecken Villa, of
brain fever, Constance Willing, beloved
wife of Ingersoll Goldecken, Esq., in the
30th year of her age."

Fred Rivers snatched at the paper and
read it again, biting his lips nervously
and looking unusually flushed.

"Guess who I met at the Capitol just
now, boys?" cried a young officer, flash-
ing in.

"Who was it?" questioned half-a-dozen.

"Captain Harry Singleton, no less,"
said the new-comer, with emphasis.

"What!" roared Fred Rivers, springing
to his feet, "what! Singleton! Harry
Singleton! Why, you fool, Captain Sin-
gleton has been in his grave for a month."

The young officer started at him like a
tiger, swords were drawn, and a deadly
combat would have resulted if Singleton
himself had not at that moment walked in.

There was no disputing his identity.
A trifle thinner and paler than of old, it
was still our friend Singleton, and no
one else.

I never in my life saw a man so stag-
gered as Rivers. He was ghastrly pale
when he faced round upon Harry, clutch-
ing his hand like a vise.

"Is it you or your ghost?" he muttered,
eagerly. "They said you died of fever."

"I was low enough with it, to be sure,"
was Singleton's answer, but the report
ran ahead of the truth.

He broke off abruptly and quitted the
room. Singleton looked after him in
surprise, but it was not long before he
understood it all.

As for Fred, the man was never him-
self after that hour. His eyes got to be
sunken, his cheeks fell into great hol-
lows, and his uniform hung upon him.
He only spoke to me of the dead girl
once. That was on the eve of the second
battle of Bull Run. I can see his face
now with the evening sunlight falling on it.

"Poor little Constance! I dreamed I
met her at the opera last night, but she
had a shroud about her instead of an op-
era-cloak, and her eyes fairly burned me.
"You were very harsh with me," she said,
and my untimely death cries out against
you! Do you believe in presentiments,
Rufus? Pshaw! of course you don't.
Let's have a smoke."

The next day he went into action and
never came out.

"Singing Joseph."

It is a well known fact that a stam-
merer can sing without difficulty, though
he can't speak six words without stut-
tering. The fact explains this incident.

When the supper was on the table, I
suggested that we wait for his father and
mother to come before we should eat
supper. The poor fellow immediately
piped up in a plaintive strain:

"They'll not come when the rain is falling,
Falling, falling, falling, falling,
They're at Deacon Folters'
Calling, calling, calling, calling."

While still singing he seated himself
at the table, and motioned me to draw
up opposite him. After pouring the tea
as handsily as a woman, he turned to me
and sang, in a still different tone:

"Will you please, sir, ask a blessing
On the bread and meat and pudding;
On the bread and meat and pudding,
Will you please, sir, ask a blessing?"

Much surprised, and ashamed that I
had not anticipated the request, I said
grace, and, much reassured by the little
incident, made a hearty supper.

After my strange companion had done
up the chores, and made every thing snug
for the night, he sat down in the corner
of the fireplace and looked at me steady-
ly. His fixed regard made me nervous
again, and I said, somewhat impatiently:

"Why are you so obstinate as to an-
swer me in this saucy, sing-song way
whenever I speak to you?"

The tears rushed quickly to the youth's
eyes; he essayed to speak, but, although
he made the most frantic effort, he could
not utter a word.

Soon he recovered himself, to my great
relief, for I thought he was going into a
fit, and, to my astonishment, sang more
musically than ever:

"Don't you see sir how I stutter?
I can neither talk nor mutter;
So God lets me sing my say,
And I thank Him every day."

I never felt so chagrined in my life as
when I found out the truth in regard to
the poor fellow. It was a good lesson
to me. I have never torme a hasty
judgement since.

"Singing Joseph," he was called, and I
conversed with him until a late hour. I
found him very intelligent, although his
ideas, always without a moment's hesi-
tation on his part, set themselves to mus-
ic, some of the strains the sweetest and
most pleasant I ever heard.

Tight Lacing.

The belief has been current, of late
years, that the dreadful habit of tight
lacing is out of fashion, but there is
reason to fear that it is not so much of
an evil of the past as has been supposed.
A painful impression has lately pre-
vailed that a young married lady, mov-
ing in very fashionable New York so-
ciety, whose death occurred not long
since, was a victim to the pernicious
practice, and those well qualified to
form an opinion aver that there are
many here who pursue it. The *Lancet*
quite lately remarked on this sub-
ject: "Surely enough has been said as
to tight lacing to make it plain that
danger must attend the process. The
process of improving nature by forcing
the feet into tight boots, and the di-
verse other devices with which fashion
beguiles the love of personal embellish-
ment, are sufficiently monstrous; but
the audacity of attempting to compress
the trunk, which contains the central
organs of life, for the sake of appear-
ances, surpasses belief. Perhaps the
recent death from tight lacing, in which
the heart was so impeded in its action
as to render life impracticable, may
have some deterrent effect; but we doubt
it. Fashion will prevail, and wasp-like
waists will be cultivated in defiance of
nature."—*Health Journal*.

Absence of Mind.

"Speaking of absence of mind," said
the Rev. Sidney Smith, "the oddest in-
stance happened to me once in forget-
ting my name. I knocked at a door in
London, and asked if Mrs. B. was at
home. 'Yes, sir; pray, what name shall
I say?' I looked in the man's face
astonished—what name? Aye, that is
my question—what is my name? I be-
lieve the man thought me mad, but it is
literally true that during the space of
two or three minutes I had no more idea
of who I was than if I had never existed.
I did not know whether I was a dissenter
or a layman; I felt as dull as Sternhold
or Jenkins. At last, to my great relief,
it flashed across me that I was Sidney
Smith. I heard also of a clergyman who
went jogging along on the road until he
came to a turnpike. 'What is to pay?'
'Pay, sir, for what?' asked the turn-
pike man. 'Why, for my horse, to be
sure!' 'Your horse, sir! what horse?'
Here is no horse, sir! 'No horse? God
bless me!' said he, suddenly look-
ing down between his legs, 'I thought I
was on horseback!'"

The latest puzzle is this: Eggs
Hard
Boiled
The trick is to get the eggs inside the
man without breaking the shells.

SPITTING ON THE FLOOR.

There was a lad who had some brains,
A thimble full or more,
Who thought himself most wondrous wise,
While spitting on the floor.

When he went to church or school,
And got inside the door,
He'd spit on the floor, "Ho-awk tooh; ho-awk tooh!"
He'd spit on the floor.

He sometimes called on ladies fair
The weather to talk over,
But never was asked to call again,
Cause—spitting on the floor.

Now, friends, this lad is dead and gone,
And we never more
In church, or school, at home, abroad,
Have spitting on the floor.

Now, boys from him a lesson learn,
That you may never deplore,
The filthy habit often formed
Of spitting on the floor.

And notice well, my bonny lads,
If you have not before,
No gentleman is ever caught
In spitting on the floor.

CAUGHT BY A GIRL.

I had been brought up in the strictest
seclusion at my father's country parson-
age, and all my mother's time and care
had been bestowed upon me, her only
child. I need hardly say I had never
been from home, and had never contem-
plated the horrors of such a possibility.
My dismay, therefore, may be imagined
than described when, one morning, after
breakfast, just as I was running off to the
poultry yard, my mother called me back,
saying that she and my father wished to
speak to me. I couldn't help feeling
very guilty, and was conscious of the fact
that "Lalla Rookh" was at that moment
hidden under my mattress. Was it pos-
sible that mamma had seen its library
cover peeping out? My heart beat
fast, and my face was very red, while I
stood to hear what she had to say.

"My dear Clara!" (I was twelve years
old, and wore curls) "my dear Clara,
your father and I have thought it best to
accept for you an invitation to spend a
day and a night at your godfather's, Sir
Thomas Bayne's at Bolding Park. How
shall you like it?"

I had much rather they should have
told "Lalla Rookh." I had a horror of
strange faces, even when papa and mam-
ma were present. But the idea of being
among strangers, alone, in a great, grand
house, and for a whole day and night
was insupportable. I wept and entreat-
ed in terms such as ought to have melt-
ed a heart of stone. But in vain. My
parents were, for once, inexorable, and I
was to go.

I need not detail all I suffered on my
journey, nor during my first day. With
all Lady Bayne's kindness, the day drag-
ged wearily on, but I managed to amuse
myself tolerably till bedtime, when, after
a good night, I went up to my room, and
found, to my horror, that the lady's maid
was waiting there to undress me.

"Am I never to be let alone?" thought I.
But I had to submit to her fingers and
her tongue, which latter never stopped,
to make up for the silence of mine, I
suppose. Among other things she par-
ticularly cautioned me not to mistake a
rope that hung beside a closet door for a
bell-pull. I inquired why.

"Why, miss, the people that lived here
before had a raving mad old uncle with
a great deal of money; and this was his
room where he lived with his keeper.
That closet, miss, is a shower bath, with
a great big cistern over it, big enough to
drown you and die; and when he was
more than common fractious his keeper
used to lock him in there, (you see the
key is on the outside) and pull on that
rope, which let all the water down over
his poor old head till he was almost dead.
One day, when they went to 'take him
out he was quite dead and his family got
all the money. But it didn't do them
much good, seeing they haven't a penny
now, were obliged to let this house to Sir
Thomas, and hide their heads in foreign
parts. They do say, miss, that the poor
old gentleman may often be seen here at
night in his shower bath, beweeeping and
bemoaning the cruelty of those who killed
him. Good-night, miss, and I hope you
may sleep comfortable."

She had, certainly, not taken the best
means to secure that happy result; but
though I was so shy, I was not in the
least nervous about those sort of things,
and consequently did not trouble myself
much about her words. I lay for some
time, watching the flickering of the fire
on the ceiling, thinking of home.

The house had become quiet; every
one must have been in bed, when all at
once an odd fancy seized me to look into
the shower-bath, and see what sort of a
place it was. I fought against the idea
for some time, but finding it kept me
awake, I thought it best to indulge it,
and, after much hesitation, I descended
carefully from the bed, and advanced on
tiptoe toward the mysterious door.

I had my hand on the handle, when I
suddenly heard a noise within. My heart
stood still. I thought for a moment.
What if it should be the old madman's
ghost?

But as quickly dismissing so absurd
an idea, I remained perfectly still, hold-
ing my breath to listen. There! I heard
it again. A low, rustling noise, such as
would be caused by a person breathing
heavily in rather stiff clothes. I had no
longer any doubt that some one was hid-
den there with an evil design. As quick-
ly as possible I turned the key so as to
lock the door, and seizing the rope which
hung close by, I pulled it violently, at
the same time screaming for help. A
gasping, strangled shout came from with-
in the closet, and then no sound was to
be heard but my own screams, and the
steady down-pour of the water from the
cistern. Soon footsteps came rushing
from all directions: my door was opened,
and a confused troop of servants, with
Sir Thomas at their head, rushed in. But
I still clung to the rope as if for my life,
screaming: "Don't let him out! Don't
let him out! He'll kill you!"

Sir Thomas, in the whitest of night-
shirts, and the most wonderful night-cap
with a tassel at the top, stood motionless
with astonishment, grasping in one hand
a pair of trousers, and in the other an old
scabbard without a sword. The servants
overcome with fear, did not stir beyond
the door; and had not the water in the
cistern failed at last, I know not how
long we might have remained in our re-
spective positions. When nothing came
of all my tugs at the rope but a few
drops, I let go my hold and gasped out
to Sir Thomas:

"He's in there; I'm sure of it. But you
may open the door now; I don't think he
can hurt you."

They did open the door, and, sure

enough, there lay a half-drowned, Jus-
tician-clothed ruffian, whose bunch of
skeleton keys and other burglarious im-
plements sufficiently showed what he
had come for. He was thrust into the
strong room as soon as he had recovered
his consciousness, which was not for
some time, thanks to my exertions with
the rope.

A guard was placed at the door, and
he was left to his own meditations till
the nearest magistrate would commit
him to the county jail. I was taken to
Lady Bayne's own bed, where all my shy-
ness having departed in the excitement
of the moment, I answered all her ques-
tions, returned all her kisses, and fell in-
to a dreamless slumber, from which I
did not awake till late on the following
morning.

The hero of the shower-bath had been
already carried off to prison, but Lady
Bayne told me he had owned to having
selected that place on account of the
superstitious horror in which it was held
by the servants, as was well known. He
had been watching his opportunity some
time, and while the servants were at sup-
per, and we in the drawing-room, he
quietly walked in a side door and went
up-stairs to the haunted closet. He was
fully committed for trial at the next
assizes, where he was condemned for sev-
en years.

Sir Thomas and Lady Bayne over-
whelmed me with praises and thanks.
They did not know how to make enough
of me, and I was only afraid their grati-
tude might take the form of inviting me to
stay longer. But I showed evident un-
easiness when they hinted at it, that they
kindly let me go at the time agreed up-
on.

I need not tell you of my dear moth-
er's delight at hearing of my exploit.
"Who knows what will come of it?" she
said; and something substantial did
come of it. When Sir Thomas died,
some few years afterward, his will was
found to contain a bequest of £300 a
year, "as a mark of gratitude for the im-
portant service she rendered me, and of
admiration of her courage and presence
of mind. Upon this £300 a year I live,
retired and happy, and blessing the kind-
ness of my god-father."

Napoleon as a Man of Feeling.

During the preparations for important
coming events, said Madame de Remusat,
it was decided that the Empress, with
those members of the court who had
accompanied her, should remain at May-
ence. M. de Remusat was in waiting,
having the superintendence of her entire
household, and M. de Talleyrand was
also to remain until further orders. Just
before the Emperor's departure my hus-
band was present at a scene which made
a great impression on him. M. de Tal-
leyrand was in the Emperor's cabinet,
where M. de Remusat was receiving
final instructions; it was evening, and
the traveling carriages were waiting.

The Emperor sent my husband to sum-
mon the Empress; he returned with her
in a few minutes. She was weeping.
Agitated by her tears the Emperor held
her for a long time in his arms, and
seemed almost unable to bid her fare-
well. He was strongly moved, and M.
de Talleyrand was also much affected.
The Emperor, still holding his wife to
his heart, approached M. de Talleyrand
with outstretched hand; then, throwing
his arms round both at once, he said
to M. de Remusat, "It is very hard to
leave the two persons one loves best." As
he uttered these words he was over-
come by a sort of nervous emotion,
which increased to such a degree that
he wept uncontrollably, and almost im-
mediately an attack of convulsions ensued,
which brought on vomiting. He was
placed in a chair, and drank some or-
ange-flower, but continued to weep for
fully a quarter of an hour. At length
he mastered himself, and, rising sud-
denly, he shook M. de Talleyrand by
the hand, gave a last embrace to his
wife, and said to M. de Remusat, "Are
the carriages ready? Call the suite,
and let us go."

Honiton Lace.

This net is beautiful and regu-
lar, but expensive, as may be judged
from the fact that the thread by which
some of the finer qualities were made
cost as much as \$350 to \$525 per pound
weight. The worker was paid in a
rather curious fashion. The lace
ground was spread out and covered with
shillings, and as many coins as the piece
would accommodate were the reward of
the maker. It was no uncommon thing
to pay \$500 for a Honiton-lace veil when
the business was in its palmy days. The
invention of machines for making lace
dealt a severe blow to the peculiar in-
dustry of Devonshire, and it threat-
ened to become almost extinct. Mrs.
Bury Palliser records that when wed-
ding lace was required for her Majesty
Queen Victoria it was with difficulty the
necessary number of workers could be
obtained to make it. It was undertaken
by Miss Jane Bidney, who caused the
work to be executed in the small fishing
hamlet of Beer and its environs. The
dress cost \$5,000; it was composed en-
tirely of Honiton sprigs, connected with
pillow by a variety of open-work
stitches; but the patterns were imme-
diately destroyed, so it cannot be repro-
duced.

The bridal dresses of the Princess
Royal, the Princess Alice, and the Prin-
cess of Wales were all of Honiton point,
the pattern consisting of national
flowers, ferns, etc. Many of the more
experienced hands find employment in
restoring and making old lace, and the
ingenuity they display in this direction
is said to be marvelous.

Absence of Mind.

"Speaking of absence of mind," said
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man. 'Why, for my horse, to be sure!'"

"Your horse, sir! What horse? Here is
no horse, sir! 'No horse! God bless me,"
said he, suddenly looking down between his
legs, 'I thought I was on horseback!'"

Lafayette's Generosity.

Unfortunately, too many great men,
among those classed as statesmen, de-
serve the censure which Goldsmith
passed on Burke:

Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

Lafayette was not of this class. Nor
was he guilty of the other ethical blun-
der, which not a few good and great men
commit, of being so engrossed with prin-
ciples as to be indifferent to persons. He
was not only a patriot and a lover of free
institutions, but a generous friend and a
sympathizing benefactor.

Matthew Carey, the father of the po-
litical economist, who recently died in
Philadelphia, was obliged to leave Ire-
land, on account of a political pamphlet,
whose sentiments were considered treas-
onable. He took refuge in France,
where he set up type for Dr. Franklin,
who had a small printing office near
Paris. There he made the acquaintance
of Lafayette. The Marquis became
much interested in the young Irish
patriot.

Some years after Carey came to the
United States. He was living in Phila-
delphia, struggling to establish a news-
paper, when Lafayette visited that city.
The Marquis sent for him, inquired into
his prospects and promised to recom-
mend him to his friends.

The next morning the struggling jour-
nalist was surprised to receive a letter
from the Marquis, containing four \$1

BY C. A. LOUNSBERRY.

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Local and foreign business notices, 10 cents per line. Of course, type, each insertion. Ten lines to the inch.
 Professional cards, four lines or less, 10 cents per line.
 Advertisements in column of "Wanted," "For Sale," "For Rent," etc., 10 cents per line each insertion.
 Local notices at regular rates.
 Special rates for display advertising apply to this office or send for advertising rate card.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

First Church.—Rev. J. G. Miller, B. D. Pastor. At the rectory's residence. Blessed sacrament on all Sundays and other holy days of obligation at 10 a. m. St. Paul time. Sunday school and extension at 2 p. m.
Methodist Episcopal Church.—Services every Sunday at the city hall at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. M. B. Foster.
Presbyterian Church.—Sunday service at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. St. Paul time. All are invited. Seats free. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Weekly prayer and devotion at 7:30 p. m. Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. at the rectory's residence on 4th street near Taylor.
W. C. MEYERS, Pastor.
Catholic Church.—Mass, 7:30 a. m. high mass with sermon, 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Exposition and Benediction, 7:30 p. m. High street, west end.
Rev. JOHN CHRISTOPHER POGGIO, O. S. B., Rector.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. P. & A. M.—The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No. 101, A. P. & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third Mondays of each month, beginning on the 1st of January and continuing every second Monday.
JOHN DAVIDSON, W. M.
JOHN J. HANSEN, Secy.
O. O. F.—The regular meetings of Bismarck Chapter No. 123, O. O. F., are held in their hall on the first and third Mondays of each month, beginning on the 1st of January and continuing every second Monday.
W. B. BAKER, N. G.
W. J. VANDERKAM, Secy.

BISMARCK WAX COMPANY.

Regular meetings of the company on the first Monday of each month at 7:30 p. m. Seven parts of the company will be given. M. J. HANSEN, Secy.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

Arrival.—The daily mail, Sundays excepted, comes from St. Paul, Minn., at 10 a. m. and leaves daily except Sundays at 10 a. m.
Departure.—The daily mail, Sundays excepted, leaves for St. Paul, Minn., at 10 a. m. and leaves for St. Paul, Minn., at 10 a. m.
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BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1890.

ONE OF THE TRIBUNE'S most valued exchanges is the *Chicago Herald*, published monthly by C. J. M. Bull, of this city. The paper is devoted to the interests of the M. E. Church.

The river and harbor appropriation bill has the extraordinary sum of \$25,000 for the improvement of the Missouri river above the mouth of the Yellowstone. The appropriation should have been at least \$500,000. The Missouri river, the great natural highway in the country, does not get as much money for improvements as any river in the country of one-tenth the importance.

The Tribune acknowledges valuable assistance on the part of Dr. Law in gathering material for the illustrated edition and only regrets that much of the matter prepared was crowded out in order to give its own lengthy paper representation, and by the hands of advertisers. It acknowledges contributions from the second and third men of the hills, and valuable assistance from Mr. J. H. Hanson, of St. Paul, John A. Rea, of Fargo, and others.

The *Bismarck Tribune*, in speaking of the Wisconsin boom, says: "The Wisconsin boom has been on such magnificent dimensions and is spreading so rapidly from Maine to California, and from Washington to the uttermost corners of the Union, that the *Tribune* is no longer able to compress it, or its capacity sufficient to report it. The *New York Tribune*, Washington *Post*, *Springfield Republican*, *Bismarck Tribune*, *Platte Press*, and in fact all the principal political leaders of the nation swell the mighty thunder, and the noble senator will ride into the white house upon the most sweeping wave of popular preference this nation has ever experienced. Huzzah for President Win- dham!"

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL MEIGSSAYS that during the past ten years the government has saved \$3,000,000 in the transportation of stores by the use of the Northern Pacific. Taking this estimate as a basis the annual saving that will result to the government upon the completion of the road through Montana alone will in a few years amount to the value of the land donated the railroad at the government price of \$2.50 per acre. The saving accruing from the transportation by rail from Bismarck west through the Yellow stone country of supplies for the numerous posts in Montana and the Dakota frontier will more than triple the sum above mentioned in the ensuing ten years. As a matter of public economy it would be worthy the consideration of the "Bulls and Bears" that compose the house committee on railroads, could their attention be diverted from Wall street long enough to consider a matter of such public moment.

GEN. SCHOFIELD has been relieved from the command of West Point together with all officers on duty at that point except those sent there this spring. This clears the academy of the entire outfit that had the Whittaker trial in charge or were in any way connected with it, and is an ex-

pression of the president's and the secretary of war's feelings upon the manner in which Whittaker was treated on the trial. Mr. Townsend, the attorney sent by the government to defend Whittaker, left in disgust, finding a further continuance of his services unnecessary and useless before the military court. It will be an impossibility during the present century to give a colored cadet a social standing or footing common with that of the white cadets. The continuation of appointments of colored youths is looked upon as an infraction that will result in repetitions of the Whittaker business. Justice could hardly be expected from a court composed of men, all of whom are directly opposed to the system of social amalgamation and will never be reconciled to it. As a matter of principal the appointment of colored cadets is just, but to upturn the social ideas, as old as the country, requires as many years to effect the change. It must be gradual, it cannot be legislated upon the people.

FARGO AND BISMARCK.

Of late there has been published in the *Fargo Daily Argus* a series of articles, maliciously penned to injure this section of the country and convey a wrong impression of Bismarck and her enterprising business men. This style of journalism is indeed a disgrace to any paper claiming to have the interests of the territory at large at heart. These puny efforts to belittle a community 200 miles distant simply because it does not take kindly to Fargo's kite and perform the import functions of tail thereto, is unjust and to say the least. The agility with which the *Argus* disreputably blackmailed several of Fargo's prominent business men, simply because they did not patronize the "new scheme," is only excelled by the skillful manipulation of the whitewash brush, after discovering that the former would not work. The reasons of the *Argus* enmity to Bismarck are plain.

The principal reason for this vituperative overflow on the part of the *Argus*, however, arises from the fact that Fargo's boom is nearly ended. While the *Tribune* has always occupied the exalted position of a territorial paper, encouraging migration to all parts of Northern Dakota, yet it can but see in Fargo's future a stern reality of business. The land in the Red River valley is nearly all taken but the percentage of grist to Fargo's mill will be very small. Surrounded as the town is by large farms, the majority of the producing class were obliged to settle a long distance from the city, and new towns have sprung up in every direction to accommodate the trade. In these towns are merchandise stores carrying as large and complete stocks as can be found in Fargo, thus shutting off much trade that would have been enjoyed by the large firms (in other words monopolies) which surrounded the city. Fargo has had a wonderful growth in the past two years but it has been mushroom-like. Her business men are enterprising and have invested all they possess in the building up of a good town. But a crisis must come. Numerous railroads are building into Dakota but none of them help Fargo. Their objective point is the Missouri river and the grazing and mineral lands of the Yellowstone and Montana. There is nothing for them in the Fargo district except wheat which will be furnished the main lines by "feeders" or short branches. The main lines are aiming for Bismarck and other commercial centers on the Missouri river, which have become distributing points for the whole northwestern country. The geographical location of Fargo discourages any hope she may have of becoming a railroad center, and without railroad competition she can never expect to become a commercial city. By her large farms she has crowded her natural customers forty or fifty miles from her limits and as Grand Forks, Pembina, Castleton, Wheatland, and other towns grow in significance, Fargo must sooner or later experience the inevitable.

Bismarck has no large farms and does not want them. They are only a temporary advertisement. Situated as the city is where she can reap the benefits of both river and rail transportation, her business men have no cause for alarm. Further than a farming centre Fargo can never expect to gain any degree of prominence. Bismarck does not depend on this one enterprise. In fact it is a branch of industry that has never yet been developed, yet the city has done more business than any other town on the line of the North Pacific. If she has done this without the grange element what can she do when the 51,000 square miles of unequalled farming land, comprising the Bismarck district shall have been settled upon by the sturdy yeomanry and her commercial interests enhanced by the advent of competing lines of railroad?

The scheme before congress to classify the public lands and sell to all who may wish to buy those of a certain class in unlimited quantities is a scheme of land grabbers to gobble the public domain for speculation purposes, and the *Tribune*, believing that it is familiar with western interests, protests against it. The desert act is sufficient. Through that infamous law enough of the public lands are passing into the hands of speculators. In a recent contest in one of the United States land offices of this territory one of the most productive sections in Dakota was claimed under the desert act. The actual settlers who desired the land under the homestead laws proved forty-two bushels of wheat per acre from sod; and the production of thirty pound cabbage heads,

four pound potatoes, etc. For a fine illustration of the evil effect of allowing the public domain to pass into the hands of speculators, see northern Iowa. No richer or better country can be found. It is a land of lovely lakes, streams of pure water, in many instances quite well timbered; of the choicest prairie lands, where almost whole counties remain unsettled or were settled originally for the purpose of plundering the non-resident tax-payers. How well they did it any Iowa man can tell. Give us land grants for public improvements but if you want to see the west peopled by a happy and industrious people, save the remainder of the public lands for actual settlers. The law is good enough as it is.

At the convention in Fargo, the Black Hills and Missouri River delegates undertook to combine with the Red River Valley—electing the Black Hills and North Dakota candidate. The Red River people declined to join in any combination with them, therefore Bismarck and Black Hills delegates united with the Sioux Valley and Yankton, giving Porter Warner of the Black Hills 100 votes to 22 for Frank Veits, of Grand Forks. Mr. Lounsberry presented the name of C. T. McCoy, of Bonhomme, for the second delegate, and moved his unanimous election, which motion prevailed. Alexander Hughes and Frank Veits were elected alternates. On a motion to instruct the delegates to present the name of a citizen of Dakota for member of the National Central Committee, Capt. James W. Raymond, of Bismarck, received fifty-seven votes, and ex-Governor Newton Edwards, of Yankton, sixty-four. The convention adjourned, peace and harmony prevailing, excepting that the Red River delegates went home swearing vengeance on Bismarck and the Black Hills for combining with Southern Dakota.

The result in Illinois, as shown in the *Tribune* dispatches to-day, proves how difficult it will be for republicans to unite on either Grant or Blaine. The nomination of either means disorganization and defeat. And the *Tribune* still adheres to its belief that while Grant can be nominated he has too much regard for the fair fame of his country to be responsible for the defeat of the republican party in the coming campaign. He will, the *Tribune* firmly believes, withdraw when Wm. Windom, who is daily gaining in public favor, will be nominated with almost one voice. It will be glory enough for Grant and his friends to name the successor of Mr. Hayes—to win the battle and unite the party by generously declining to accept the fruits of their victory.

At the convention for the nomination of delegates to Congress two years ago, the Black Hills delegates wished to combine with North Dakota, and had they done so they could have named the man. North Dakota was not united, and so got scooped. So in the last convention, they were again beaten because they were not united; and so it will ever be. In both instances, however, the best interests of the territory were probably regarded. Of this the Red River delegates will probably become satisfied. They are only the tail, and in the language of Mark Twain, should learn to serenely hang until the dog concludes to allow them to wag.

Army Intelligence.

The German military project contemplates an army of 2,000,000 men.

Gen. Whistler arrived and took command at Keogh Tuesday 25th inst.

Lieut. J. E. Meeklin, 11th Infantry, registered at the Sheridan Monday.

Lieut. Robt. Stevens, 6th Infantry, returned Monday night from leave of absence.

The Academy of Music at Keogh has been finished and rehearsed under the supervision of Lieut. Long.

Lieut. E. L. Randall, of the 5th Infantry, has been given charge of the commissary department at Fort Keogh.

Rear Admiral Stembel and wife, of the navy, are in St. Paul where they will remain during the summer months.

"REX," the *TRIBUNE's* correspondent at Fort Buford, sends some interesting army news in his letter in another column.

Companies D. F. H. and K., First Infantry, have left Fort Meade for Yankton, en route for their new station in Texas.

The promotion of 2nd Lieut. R. E. Thompson, 6th Infantry, to a first lieutenant, was confirmed by the senate last week.

Miss Susie Palmer, daughter of Gen. Palmer, was married to Lieut. Swift, 5th Cavalry, at Washington, Monday, the 17th.

Gen. Zelein, retired, for many years commandant of the marine corps, was stricken with paralysis this week in Washington.

Major Choisy, 11th Infantry, was in town Monday. The Major commands Company A 11th, that recently came to Lincoln from Fort Sully.

Major Brown, 18th Infantry, Fort Assiniboine, member of the Board of Examiners, reached Buford via Benton in the steamer Rosebud.

Lieut. Col. Glover Pettin, Medical Director of this Department, went east Thursday morning. The Colonel has seen thirty-three years of active service.

The will of Gen. Heintzelman leaves all his property to his wife, having confidence that she will administer it as much for the benefit of their children as he would if he had survived.

Major Maynadier returned from the extension Monday, having paid Capt. Erikor's Company at the Cantonment Little Missouri, and left again Wednesday for Fort Stevenson.

Sergeants Glover and Trent, of the 5th Infantry, are the ambitious "non-coms" who are summoned before the examining board at Fort Keogh for examination for promotion to lieutenancies.

H. F. Douglas, Post Trader at Fort Yates, has been appointed Sutter of the command that goes up the extension of the N. P.

Road under Major Merrill, whenever those suspended orders are resuscitated.

Capt. Bell and Lieut. Siocum, of A. Co., 7th Cavalry, were in town this week. The Captain's company recently arrived from Totten, and are stationed at Lincoln, expecting orders for the extension of the N. P. Railroad.

The "Mutual Society" of Company L, 7th Cavalry, are giving hope semi-monthly in their new hall at Fort Lincoln. This post does not lack amusement. "Whitney's Combination" played there two nights last week to crowded houses.

The Secretary of War has transmitted to Congress a petition from officers of the Navy for the enactment of such legislation as will enable all Lieutenants of the Army who have served fourteen years in the grade of Lieutenant to the rank of Captain.

The change of the 6th Infantry to the White River country is received favorably by most officers of that regiment, who expect to see some active service during the summer. A few, who during the long stay in Dakota have invested in farms, stock ranches, etc., regret leaving.

A Board of Examiners, consisting of Gen'l W. B. Razon, Colonel 6th Infantry, President, Lieut. Colonel Edwin T. Townsend, 11th Infantry, Major Wm. H. Brown, 18th Infantry, Lieut. Louis W. Crampston, medical examiner, and Adjutant Thompson, Recorder, will convene at Fort Buford for the examination of non-commissioned officers for promotion to 2d Lieutenancies, in accordance with orders from Gen'l Terry.

Col. Huston, Post Commander at Fort Stevenson, accompanied by Mrs. Hale, wife of Adjutant Hale, 2d Infantry, Fort Shaw, and Mrs. Wood, wife of Lieut. Wood, 18th Infantry, and Mrs. McLaughlin, wife of Capt. Wm. H. McLaughlin, 18th Infantry, stationed at Fort Assiniboine, came down on the Route. The ladies went east Monday. The Colonel, with the Misses Huston, return by first boat to Stevenson.

The death of Gen. Heintzelman leaves four retired major generals on the retired list who receive \$5,000 per annum, viz: Dan E. Sickles, J. B. Ricketts, J. C. Robinson and S. S. Carroll. Since the creation of the list over seven and one-half millions of dollars have been paid out to retired officers. It is rumored that Gen. Sherman proposes to retire next April. Of brigadier generals there are eighteen who receive \$4,125 each per annum: Fifty-nine colonels receiving \$3,775, thirty-six lieutenant-colonels, \$3,060; fifty-one majors, \$2,625; 130 captains, \$2,090; eighty-three 1st lieutenants, \$1,300; and fifteen second lieutenants, \$1,200 each per annum. There are eight chaplains who receive from \$1,485 to \$1,850.

The transfer of the first and 25th Infantry, directed by G. O. 25, C. S. A., from the headquarters of the army, will be commenced as soon as the necessary preparations can be conveniently made. The 1st regiment will, under the direction of the commanding general department of Dakota, be transferred to St. Antonio, Texas, supplied with equipment, and prepared to camp at that place, until distributed to posts by the commanding general department Texas. The 25th regiment will, under the direction of the commanding general department Texas, be transferred to Yankton, D. T., thence distributed to posts by the commanding general department of Dakota. The commanding general department of Dakota will provide transportation for the 1st regiment to St. Antonio, and the commanding general department Texas, for the 25th regiment to Yankton.

CLOTHING

Bismarck, Dakota.

Paid up Capital \$50,000

DIRECTORS: G. H. FAIRCHILD, Cash'r, Bismarck, D. T.

WALTER MANN, Pres't, St. Paul, Minn.

H. R. PORTER, Asa FISHER, DAN EISENBERG, Bismarck, D. T.

CORRESPONDENTS: American Exchange Nat. Bank, New York.

First National Bank, Chicago.

Merchants Nat. Bank, St. Paul.

Collections made and promptly remitted. Drafts on all principal cities of Europe. Interest on time deposits.

Agency for sale of passenger tickets to and from Europe by several of the principal lines of steamships.

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HOTEL

J. G. MALLOY, P. F. MALLOY.

WESTERN HOUSE,

MALLOY BROS., Prop.

BISMARCK, DAKOTA

The house is centrally located and recently enlarged, refitted and refurnished. Opposite the Railroad Depot. Prices reasonable.

RESTAURANT

1873 1880

Forster's Restaurant

(Established May, 1873.)

The Oldest and Only First-Class

Restaurant in Bismarck.

Board by the day or week.

Meals at all hours.

MISCELLANEOUS

MONEY FOR MORTGAGES,

ON REAL ESTATE.

THE CORBIN BANKING CO.

115 Broadway, N. Y.

Buy Purchase Money Mortgages well secured up Country Real Estate at the very best rates.

BROKEN-DOWN, Debilitated

HOW TO GET WELL

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MILLINERY

MRS. J. W. PROCTOR.

DRESSMAKER & MILLINER,

East Main Street.

First-Class Work Guaranteed.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISING.

Proposals for Indian Supplies and Transportation.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, Office of Indian Affairs, Washington, May 10th, 1890.—Sealed proposals, indorsed proposals for Beef, Bacon, Flour, Clothing, or Transportation, etc., (as the case may be) and directed to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Nos. 65 and 67 Wooster Street, New York, will be received until 11 A. M. of Monday, June 7th, 1890, for furnishing for the Indian service about \$50,000 pounds Bacon, 40,000 pounds Beef on the hoof, 125,000 pounds Beans, 35,000 pounds Baked Powder, 2,300 pounds Coffee, 385.50 pounds Coffee, 3,300 pounds Flour, 212,000 pounds Feed, 300,000 pounds Hard Bread, 73,000 pounds Hominy, 5,000 pounds Lard, 1,650 barrels Steel Pins, 25,000 pounds Rice, 11,300 pounds Tea, 73,500 pounds Tobacco, 20,000 pounds Salt, 147,000 pounds Soap, 6,000 pounds Soda, 89,300 pounds Sugar, and 898,000 pounds Wheat. Also Blankets, Woolen and Cotton goods, (consisting in part of Tickings, 44,000 yards; Standard Cotton, 300,000 yards; Drilling, 35,000 yards; Duck, 18,000 yards; Denims, 15,000 yards; Ginghams, 60,000 yards; Kentucky Jeans, 25,000 yards; Sateen, 2,700 yards; Brown Sheet, 23,000 yards; Bleached Sheet, 17,000 yards; Oilskin Clothing, 15,000 yards; Cutlery, 5,500 yards; Whiskey, 650 yards.) Clothing, Groceries, Notions, Hardware, Medical Supplies, and a long list of miscellaneous articles, such as Wagon, Harness, Plows, Rakes, Forks, etc.

Also, Transportation for such of the Supplies, Goods, and articles that may be contracted for to be delivered at the Agencies.

BIDS MUST BE MADE OUT ON GOVERNMENT BLANKS.

Schedules showing the kinds and quantities of supplies required for each Agency, and the kinds and quantities, in gross, of all other goods and articles, together with blank proposals, forms for contract and bid, and instructions to be observed by bidders, time and place of delivery, terms of contract and payment, transportation routes, and all other necessary instructions will be furnished upon application to the Indian Office in Washington, or Nos. 65 and 67 Wooster Street, New York; to E. A. Kinney, No. 50 Clinton Place, New York; Wm. H. Lytle, No. 489 Broadway, New York; and to the Commissioners of Subsistence, U. S. A., at Chicago, Saint Louis, Saint Paul, Leavenworth, Omaha, Cheyenne, and Yankton, and the Postmaster at Sioux City.

Bids will be opened at the hour and day above stated, and bidders are invited to be present at the opening.

CERTIFIED CHECKS.

All bids must be accompanied by certified checks upon some United States Depository or Assistant Treasurer, for at least five per cent. of the amount of the proposal.

R. E. TROWBRIDGE, Commissioner.

Proposals for Hay.

OFFICE CHIEF C. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE, ST. PAUL, MINN., May 12, 1890.

SEALED PROPOSALS, in duplicate, subject to the usual conditions, will be received at this office until 12 o'clock noon on Saturday, the 25th day of May, 1890, at which time and place they will be opened in the presence of bidders, for furnishing for the Subsistence Department, U. S. Army, two hundred and fifty-nine (259) tons (of 2,000 lbs. each) of hay, in stacks, as follows: viz: At Fort Hale, D. T., 39 tons; at Fort Snelling, D. T., 70 tons; and at Fort Stevenson, D. T., 100 tons.

Proposals will be received up to and opened at the same hour at the posts named by the respective Commissioners of such posts, each post Commissary receiving proposals for his own post only.

Blank proposals and further information may be obtained on application to this office or to the A. C. S. A. at any of the posts.

The United States reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Proposals should be enclosed in sealed envelopes marked "Proposals for Hay at Fort (here insert the name of the post)," and addressed to the undersigned, or to the A. C. S. of the post bid for.

M. R. MORGAN, Major and C. S. A.

BANK

WALTER MANN, Pres't, G. H. FAIRCHILD, Cash'r, St. Paul, Minn. Bismarck, D. T.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF BISMARCK, Dakota.

Paid up Capital \$50,000

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MILLINERY

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DRESSMAKER & MILLINER,

East Main Street.

First-Class Work Guaranteed.

THE BUILDING BOOM

NEARLY \$100,000 IN IMPROVEMENTS NOW IN SIGHT.

The Foundation of the New Court House Nearly Finished.—M. P. Slattery will Lead the Van with a \$10,000 Brick.

The foundation of the Court House is about complete, and brick laying will commence at once. The Masons and Odd Fellows will lay the corner stone with appropriate ceremonies, on the northeast corner, some day next week. R. B. Mason, who has the contract for the brick work, is turning out 9,000 brick per day, and expects a machine that will increase this amount to 14,000. No one need wait for brick this year as the supply will be sufficient to answer all present necessities. Had citizens been able to secure brick at home earlier this spring many of the wooden buildings now in course of erection would have been built of brick. The Methodist Church foundation is laid, and this building will be pushed rapidly. Col. Bull, who has charge of it, is working energetically, and already funds to the amount of \$4,000 are in sight. The church and Court House, not opposite, are on the highest ground in the city, and the buildings will show up all over the surrounding country when complete. No more eligible sites could have been selected.

RAYMOND'S BLOCK.
J. W. Raymond is putting up a two-story building on the lot adjoining the old, on Main St. Several parties have endeavored to secure these premises, but as yet Mr. Raymond is undecided as to what purpose they will be devoted.

Building in any direction one will observe the activity in the building line, and the history of the city. Lumber has been arriving fast enough to supply the demand. Messrs C. S. Weaver & Co. have had a look full of orders ahead for the past two months. Fresh lumber is being given by the company of the new block on Main street, extending from Fourth street to the Western Hotel. The buildings are large and roomy, raised some a foot higher than the old ones, and are very attractively ornamented. The new block is a fine specimen of the block building. The offices in Raymond's block are being fitted up in fine shape for occupancy. John Barr, agent for the Bismarck, Peck and Yellowstone lines, will occupy one of them.

THE NEW LAND OFFICE.
The new Land Revenue office will be ready for occupancy in about ten days. In course of construction in the Hotel block, on Third and Third streets. This building will have the government offices plenty of room, and the convenience of constantly increasing business requiring a large building than the one now occupied at present. Dr. J. H. Atterly, who has charge of the office, is the architect of the building, and is located on his lot at the corner of Main and Third streets. The building is being built by Mr. Atterly as a law office, and will be a fine specimen of the block building.

THE SLATTERY BLOCK.
Mr. P. Slattery has built a fine front corner block on Main and Third streets, and will erect a two-story brick building on the lower corner to be used for stores, and a large addition to the upper story. This corner is situated to become one of the most important locations in the city, and the addition of this block will enhance the value of the second street 25 percent. Mr. Slattery is an unshaken faith in the future of Bismarck, and is not afraid to show it by building a public improvement.

TRIP TO THE BAD LANDS.
Caravan's Experience in the Burning Coal Fields of Dakota.

The following letter is contributed by Mr. J. M. Caravan of this city, after a two month's camp on the Little Missouri.

"Our trip out was not characterized by anything remarkable except the freedom with which people take things, and the absence of ownership, along the route. Our clothes were not taken for the simple reason that we had no use for them at night as well as in the daytime, but our dinner valise and harness were 'cached' away where rats and mice will not trouble them, or if they do, we will know nothing of it. We started from Mandan on the morning of March 20th, arriving at the head of the track in the afternoon. We remained there until next morning, then procured a pony team for our journey westward. Our driver, from the start, seemed to labor under the impression that in order to make the thing a certainty it was necessary to take it easy, so whenever we got tired we rested ourselves by walking a mile or two ahead and waiting for the chariot to drive up. At 6:30 P. M. we reached Young Man's Bluff, a distance of twenty-nine miles. Having satisfied ourselves with a good supper, we were shown a corner in the stacks on the ground to which we spread our blankets, and after listening to the different expressions of some eight or ten fellow-travelers in the same bed, we dropped off into sweet repose. The next night caught up at Green River, where we found a comfortable 'Dugout' and a good soft floor. Up to this point we had followed the N. P. R. R. grade. It is completed, with the exception of a few miles of heavy work along this stream, which is something similar to Apple Creek and about the same size. Getting an early start next morning, we arrived at Eckford and Plummer's ranch on Heart River in the afternoon. Here we met with difficulty in crossing the stream, but finally, with the aid of a very small craft, we crossed, but our transportation was necessarily left on the east side to await the falling of the water. We found no grizzlies at work until we came to Lord, Fogarty & Co.'s camp, just in the edge of the Bad Lands, although much of the grading is completed between Green River and this camp. Here we were most cordially entertained by two members of the firm, whom we found pleasantly located in frame buildings, and seemingly very happy. Having arranged for a fresh team, on the morning of our sixth day out we bid adieu and started for the Little Missouri. The morning was elegant, and it was here that the idea first struck me that one has to learn by degrees to like this mode of

travel, for really I could see nothing about the previous five days jolt that any one would be likely to go into ecstasies over, but upon gaining the summit above the camp, the most beautiful picture I have ever looked upon spread itself out before us. The Giant's Causeway in Ireland fades into insignificance beside it. One's first impression is that of looking upon an immense city with spires and domes rising hundreds of feet toward the sky, and the smoke from the burning hills curling up similar to that from rolling mills and iron foundries. The scenery all around us was handsome in the extreme. For stereoscopic views, &c., this country is the artist's paradise. Passing the camp of D. C. Walker, also the company store, early in the morning, we saw hundreds of men at work, much of the grading having been already completed. All along the road from this latter camp is to be seen petrified stumps and parts of trees dotting the hillside, as though cut by the axe. There are hundreds and thousands of them, some measuring six feet in diameter. Arriving at the Little Missouri about two P. M., we crossed to the Post, gloriously happy to know the trip was ended, or as Charley would say, had reached our 'destination.' Having rested, on the third day here I participated in a hunt with Dr. C. C. Miller, Post Surgeon, our guides being two Indian scouts—'Built in the Water' and 'Four Thorpe'—all mounted on ponies. We were scarcely out of camp when we came upon a herd of mountain sheep, and after pouring a volley into them without particular disaster to the sheep, we started in hot pursuit—for me extremely hot. The herd took to the hills, and so did we. It was an entire new role for me to play in, and I can assure you that it was horribly against my inclination and no fault of mine that I followed, and seemed to fly up and down the immense hills and over and through ravines that I should not have dreamed of attempting could I have had my say; but my pony entered into the thing with energy and would not be left. The Doctor at length made a capture, and we gave the remainder a few days' lease of life. It appears to me that if those quadrupeds live until I make another such trip, the next generation will have a chatter at them. Leaving the sheep, we rode over to a burning mountain. On the north side of this mountain are two cracks eight to ten feet wide and several hundred feet in length. Down in the crevices fifty or sixty feet is a solid bed of red coals. At the time it seemed to emit no smoke or flame whatever. There are many of these burning mountains along here, and from the appearance of the hills it is my impression that nearly all of them have been burned in like manner. The earth and stone lying taken out by the graders has the appearance of burned brick, and in many instances is cut and substituted for brick. Coal, or lignite, crops out in some places, and is used to some extent. Red cedar and cottonwood is found in nearly all the ravines. Large game is abundant. During our hunt, deer or mountain sheep could be seen from almost every hill, and in one place we came upon fifteen deer grazing together."

THE ADDRESS OF COL. DONAN
was a splendid tribute to the press of the country and the Golden Northwest, and contained many, very many, suggestions and reflections of value. The speaker was greeted with applause loud and long, showing that his advice as well as his "bits" at "pullers and pullers" was appreciated. Col. Donan is one of the good and true men of the country, who, when in a serious vein, believes and feels every word he utters, and though an editor is as modest as a woman ought to be, and as entertaining as the most brilliant lady could wish to be. The usual thanks for courtesies extended were returned, and

THE CONVENTION ADJOURNED, when the hall was cleared and a ball followed. The next day the editors and their ladies accepted an invitation from the North Pacific to visit the banana farms—an excursion in which those not interested in the political convention, participated with pleasure and profit. Aside from the convention proper, the editors took the first steps toward organizing a newspaper union which shall give them ready print sheets at cost, excluding the advertising at union rates, which is now regarded so disadvantageous to the country press generally.

SPRINKLING COLLEGE.
Extensive Educational Interests in the Black Hills.

The best evidence it is possible to produce of the belief of the people of that region in the permanence of the Black Hills, is the establishment of the Spanish college, now under course of construction. The first building will be built and ready for occupancy, and the institution open to receive pupils by the first of September next. Spanish town is located in Spanish valley, on the east bank of Spanish river, a half-mile below where it leaves the hills, rushing and bounding along over the rocky bottom as if glad to escape from its mountain home. The college grounds occupy an eminence overlooking one of the most charming valleys in the world, while to the right, a mile away, is Lookout Mountain, standing up like a sentinel five hundred feet on the south and southwest are the Black Hills, covered with their forests of pine. This is put an imperfect picture of the location selected for the first college in the Black Hills. Surprisingly rich this land is in all the elements of permanent wealth. With a vast area of grazing lands unsurpassed, with agricultural lands, yielding crops almost unheard of, both in perfection and average, with water power to turn half the spindles of the nation, with a superabundance of timber, both hard and soft, and a climate that few can find fault with. All these, outside of the wonderful mines of gold and silver, iron, copper and lead, not to speak of salt and petroleum.

Is it any wonder that the people have abundant faith in the country, and that they are there to stay, and that they desire to build up an institution of learning that shall in the future be the pride of their people?

It will be under the supervision of the Congregational church, but in no way sectarian. Forty acres of land was donated and set apart by Spanish people for college purposes, and they have twenty thousand feet of lumber paid for and mostly on the ground for the work.

VACANT PLACES
In the dental ranks will never occur if you are particular with your teeth, and cleanse them every day with our famous tooth wash, SOZODONT. From youth to old age it will keep the enamel spotless and unimpaired. The teeth of persons who use SOZODONT have a pearl-like whiteness, and the gums a rosy hue, while the breath is purified, and rendered sweet and fragrant. It is composed of rare antiseptic herbs and is entirely free from the objectionable and injurious ingredients of Tooth Pastes, &c.

DAKOTA
A copy of THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE, (special and illustrated edition) containing full information in relation to the public and railroad lands of Dakota, the Black Hills mining interests, and the grazing lands of the Yellowstone sent on receipt of three recent stamps. This issue will be published about April 20th. Address, TRIBUNE, Bismarck, Dakota.

TRUTH AND VIRTUE

ELEMENTS THAT SIGNALIZED THE FARGO CONVENTION.

The Quill-Slingers' Jaunt in the Red River Valley—Organization of the Press Association of the Golden Northwest.

THE ASSOCIATION.
Forty-six members of the Press met in convention at Fargo on the 18th inst. and organized the Press Association of the Golden Northwest. Members of the Press residing in the State of Minnesota, the territories of Dakota and Montana and the Province of Manitoba, were invited to become members of the Association. The temporary organization was completed by the election of Dr. S. B. Coe, of the Valley City Times, Chairman, and P. A. Gatchell, of the Pembina Pioneer, Secretary. Dr. J. B. Hall, of the Fargo Republican, was elected President of the Association, and C. A. Lounsbury, of the Bismarck Tribune, W. R. Dunn, of the Crookston Chronicle, and S. B. Coe, of the Valley City Times, Vice Presidents; P. A. Gatchell, of the Pembina Pioneer, Secretary, L. P. McLaren, of the Elk Point Courier, Corresponding Secretary, and G. B. Winship, of the Grand Forks Herald, Treasurer; Col. P. Donan, of the Deadwood Pioneer, J. W. Carter, of the Canton Advocate, and W. S. Woodbridge, of the Duluth News, Executive Committee. The citizens of Fargo did the handsome thing in the way of entertaining, hotels and private houses, every stables and theatres being thrown wide open for the accommodation and pleasure of those in attendance.

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LUMBER
C. S. WEAVER & CO.,
Dealers in

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATH.
Doors, Sash and Moldings.

New Contractors and Builders of all classes of Buildings, Plans and Specifications.

Estimates furnished on short notice.

LAUNDRY
WESTERN LAUNDRY,
No. 21, Fourth St.

I have opened a first-class Laundry at the above named place, and am prepared to do all work with which I am favored.

Ladies and Gents' Fine Clothes a Specialty.

Orders taken and Clothes delivered to any part of the city.

FRANK HOBERT.
PHOTOGRAPHS.

PHOTOGRAPHS.
FINE PORTRAITS A SPECIALTY.

VIEWS AND DAKOTA SCENERY.

(16 Main Street.)
O. S. GOFF.

STAGE LINES
Bismarck and Ft. Buford
STAGE AND EXPRESS

A. D.
U. S. MAIL.

Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford and intervening points Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 A. M., making the full trip in five days. Stages will leave Fort Buford on same days as from Bismarck, at 6 A. M. For express, freight or passage apply to JOHN LEASER, Agent at J. W. Raymond & Co.'s, or to LEIGHTON & JORDAN, Fort Buford.

SINGER Sewing Machine.
See and try before you buy. Excellent finish, best materials, and finest work. Warranted 2 years. Keyed and regulated. Free. See our book (sent free) before you buy. Try it and save money. North, Economy, Reporter, Third Ave., Chicago.

SAMPLE ROOMS

JOS. FOX, Proprietor

FERRY SALOON,
Point Pleasant, D. T.

Parties driving out from Bismarck will find this a pleasant resort. The only licensed saloon at the "Point."

HANNIFIN'S HALL
(18 NORTH FOURTH ST.)

CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

Best Bar-tender either side of Rocky Mountains. Headquarters for the "Old Time Boys" and rising sports.

Call and see the crowd

GEO. ELDER, Proprietor

"O. F. C." SALOON,
14 North 4th Street.

First-Class Liquors and best brands of Cigars. Centrally located and the popular resort of the boys.

ASA FISHER, Wholesale Dealer in

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Main-st., opp. Sheridan House.
Sole Agent for Val Blatz Milwaukee Premium Export Lager Beer.

CAPITOL SALOON,
No. 62, Main Street.

Freighters' and Contractors' Headquarters.

Best Stocked Bar in the City.

All kinds of games, new pool and billiard tables etc. Pleasant place in the city to spend the evening. Open day and night. GRIFFIN & ROBERTS.

MEAT MARKET
MONTANA MARKET,
Corner Second and Main Streets.

JUSTUS BRAGG & CO.,
DEALERS IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS, FISH, POULTRY, GAME.

Butter, Eggs, Vegetables, Fruit and Canned Goods.

Special Attention given to the Steamboat Trade.

LIVERY STABLE
SHERIDAN HOUSE
Livery Stable,

First-Class in Every Respect.

NEW AND ELEGANT TURN-OUTS
Hacks to all parts of the City, Boats, Fort Lincoln and Mandan.

Office at the Sheridan House.
STOYELL & LAIR, Proprietors

TAILORING
MERCHANT TAILORING.

GOULD & DAHL.

We represent one of the best cloth houses in Philadelphia, and are constantly in receipt of fine

IMPORTED & DOMESTIC COATINGS AND PANTS GOODS.

Of the latest styles for the Spring Trade. Our work does competition. You will always find the most economy and the greatest satisfaction by leaving your orders for clothing at the Bismarck Tailoring Establishment.

GOULD & DAHL.

HIDES
GEO. OBERNE, Established 1862. Des Moines, Ia.

CHICAGO HIDE HOUSE.
CASH PAID FOR

Hides, Furs, Wool & Tallow.

Oberne, Hosick & Co.,
Bismarck, - - DAKOTA.
Main House 131, 133 & 135 Kinzie St. CHICAGO, ILL.

Branch Houses:
Omaha 235 & 237 Harvey St.
Lincoln, Neb., 12 South 16th St.
Cheyenne, Wyoming, Ter, 17th St.
Grinnell, Iowa, 20 Main St.
Des Moines Iowa, Wain... & Second St.
Junction City, Kansas, South 7th St.
Sioux City, Iowa, Pearl St.
Pueblo, Colorado
Bismarck, Dakota.

HARDWARE

D. I. BAILEY & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

General Hardware

Farm Machinery, Stoves, Etc., Etc.

Manufacturers of
Tinware & Housefurnishing Goods.

84, MAIN ST., BISMARCK, D. T.

TAILOR.
E. SCHIFFLER, FINE

Merchant Tailor

No. 86 Main St., Bismarck, D. T.,
A Selection of both Foreign and Domestic Cloths.

Repairing Neatly Done.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

J. W. RAYMOND & CO.,

WHOLESALE

GROCERS,

BISMARCK, D. T.

MACHINERY.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE
VIBRATOR

Thrashing Machinery and Portable and Traction Engines.

THE STANDARD of excellence throughout the Grain-Raising World.

WATCHDOG for Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, Perfect Cleaning, Light and Wholesome Work.

INCOMPARABLE in Quality of Material, Perfection of Parts, Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish, and Beauty of Model.

MARVELOUS for really superior work in all kinds of Grain and especially known as the only successful Thrasher in Blax, Timbuck, Clover, and all other Seeds.

POWER, DURABILITY, SAFETY, ECONOMY, and Beauty entirely unknown in other makes. Steam-Power, Horse-Power and Four-Power Separators a specialty. Four sizes of Separators, from six to twelve horse power, and two styles Improved Mounted Horse Powers.

Thirty-Two Years of Prosperous and Continuous Business by this house, without change of name, location, or management, bears eloquent testimony to a superior goods and honest dealing.

BE NOT DECEIVED
by such experimental and worthless imitations. If you buy an engine, separator, or other machinery, write to us for full particulars, catalogue, and price list. We will send you a full and complete list of our machinery, and will also send you a full and complete list of our machinery, and will also send you a full and complete list of our machinery.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

FURNISHING GOODS, ETC

JOHN LUDEWIG,
DEALER IN

Clothing, Boots and Shoes,

FURNISHING GOODS,
Groceries, Provisions, Tobaccos, Cigars & Smokers' Goods.

GOODS SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Main Street, Bismarck, D. T.

New Stock, New Store and Low Prices. Call and examine and see for yourselves.

CARRIAGE WORKS.

Bismarck Carriage Works.

I wish to inform the Public that I have opened a FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE SHOP, FIFTH ST., NEAR MEIGS

Where I am prepared to do all kinds of Light and Heavy Work.

Horse-Shoeing in all its Branches.
ALL GOVERNMENT WORK ATTENDED TO.
CARRIAGE & SIGN PAINTING.
Repairs promptly attended to. S. J. COOPER.

FURNITURE
J. C. CADY.

Furniture, Metallic and Wood Caskets, Picture Frames, Brackets, Etc., Trucks and Grip-Sacks.

CRADLES AND BABY CARRIAGES A SPECIALTY

No. 19 NORTH THIRD ST. BISMARCK, D. T.

SHIRTS.

TAKE NOTICE.

Shirts, Shirts, Shirts.

Having had fifteen years experience in the shirt business I guarantee a perfect fit to all persons who will be so kind as to call and leave their measure.

On short notice for from \$1.75 up. Third St., next door to Mrs. Lee's Millinery.

MRS. LANE COOPER.

THE ALHAMBRA.
When Irving dwelt among those halls,
Near fifty years ago,
Among those ivy-circled walls
And myrtle all about,
Facing the sweet sea at night,
And over ramparts with long gaze,
To watch the moonbeams in their flight
Around the flower-maze of his soul.
In those days of dreamy slumbers,
His inspirations on his parchment roll
Were written with poetic numbers.
He wrote of nature's beauty rare,
Overflowing fountains, heavenly wrought—
Jeweled envoys, sparkling, rare,
With sweet, inland, and the sea;
That place his little changed since then;
Its moonlight beauty yet is seen—
The soft and mellow richness of each poem—
As if 'tis in enchantment or a delusive dream.
So now we sit alone, and ponder on the old
And former times of this retreat,
Beneath the liquid, tinted gold
That with other scenes compete,
We pass along the colonnade
And harken to the sound
Of some lone lover's aerodrome,
Floating sweet, profound,
And leaning o'er the parapet,
That flower-cushioned crown,
That flowery crown, exalting, yet,
Where high, gray mountains frown
Against the spangled sky—
Looking solemn and so lone—
As if it were an ecstasy
If it had been.
And over the silvered basin of Lindarax skin
The sweet exhaling liquid that doth fall,
And drip like a soft melody from the beam
And scintillate with freedom through each garden
hall.
There were many scenes, so soft, so sublime
And manifold in each of these
That showed there is a power divine;
His hidden hand within each view;
That, dropping checked silver on yon vermillion
Stained floor, arches in the gloom,
Setting with a mellow richness on each bower,
Caught from varied halos of the moon.
We sit, we gaze upon Granada's peaceful sleep,
Upon its peaceful slumber of to-night,
From the exquisite ruins of a Moorish palace,
peep
The sugar, saddened walls of convents in the
light.
Still they carry dead beneath Alhambra's walls—
Along its shaded arches, its colonnades, and fill
With saddened footstep, from the beam
To bury in Granada's ground, in Alameda's hill,
Fate's victims still survive;
Though dead and blind, he spends each day
In bringing up the past, and those who live,
With patriotic strains, the "Tales of the Alham-
bra."

GOURLAY BROTHERS.

In a quiet street off one of the quiet squares in the vicinity of Holborn, there is a tall gloomy house, with narrow dusty windows and a massive double door, that still bears a brass plate with the words "Gourlay Brothers" engraved thereon.
The lower part of the house was used as an office, but the blinds were rarely drawn up, the door seldom swung back to the energetic push of customers, the long passage echoed no hurried footsteps and Eh Haggart, the clerk, was to all appearance the idliest man in London, till one came to know his masters.
The Gourlay Brothers were never any busier than their faithful old servant—never hurried, never flurried or worried; never late and never early. Every morning at ten o'clock they entered their office together, read their letters, glanced at the Times, left instructions for possible callers, and then went to the city. They always took the same route: at eleven, they might be seen passing along the sunny side of Cannon Street, at half-past one they entered the same restaurant, and sat at the same table for luncheon. Wet or dry, shade or shine, summer or winter, every working-day for thirty years they had gone through the same routine, always excepting the month of September, when they took their usual holiday.
They were elderly men: John, tall, thin, melancholy-looking, with light gray eyes, scanty gray hair and whiskers, and a general expression of drabness pervading his whole face and faultless neat attire. Roger was shorter, rounder, more cheerful, and generally warmer in color. His pervading hue was brown, keen red-dish eyes that must have been merry once, crisp auburn hair that time had not quite yet transmuted to silver, a clean-shaven ruddy face, and brown hands full of dents and dimples. John was the elder, still he looked up to Roger with grave respect, consulted him on every subject, and never in or out of business, took any step without his advice or approval. And Roger was no less deferential: without any profession of affection, or display of feeling, the Gourlay Brothers dwelt together in the closest friendship and love; their life was a long har- monious as their private intercourse. In business they were successful; every speculation they made prospered, every thing they touched turned to gold; and as their whole lives were spent in getting, not spending, they were believed, and with reason, to be immensely wealthy. "Cold, hard, stern, enterprising," men called them with an acuteness of vision and a steadiness of purpose only to be acquired by long and close application to business. Reserved in manner, simple in their tastes, economical in their habits, the Gourlay Brothers were the last men in the world to be suspected of sentiment, their lives the least likely to contain even the germs of a romance. And yet they were not always mere business machines: the sole end and aim of their existence had not always been money. In early years they had had brighter dreams, nobler ambitions.
At school John had distinguished himself, and his brief University career gave promise of a brilliant future. Roger had been a bright, ardent boy, with a taste for music that was almost a passion, and a latent little short of genius. With his deep earnestness, intense steadiness of purpose and clear, vigorous intellect, John could scarcely have failed to make a distinguished lawyer. Roger was a born artist, with a restless, lofty ambition. Life seemed very bright for the brothers; there was nothing to prevent, and every thing to assist each in fol- lowing their inclination. But in the very dawn of their career their father died, and they were suddenly reduced from af- fluence to actual poverty. Nothing re- mained from the wreck of a magnificent fortune but the bitter experience that al- ways accompanies such reverses. Fine friends failed them, flatterers looked coldly in their distress, those who had most frequently partaken of their lavish hospitality passed by on the other side. Not a friend remained in their adversity but one, and she had indeed the will but not the power to help them. The boys left college, and turned their thoughts to business. It was hopeless to attempt to follow up their professions, with an in- valid mother and idolized only sister de- pending on them for support. John se- cured a situation as clerk in a city ware- house. Roger accepted a desk in the of- fice of Bernard Russell, an old friend of his father's. They moved to cheap lodg- ings, and for several years plodded on

wearily, the only gleam of sunshine in their altered home being the occasional visits of Alice Russell and her sister. Maude Gourlay and Alice had been schoolfellows and friends; they usually spent their vacations together, and Alice felt the misfortune that had fallen on the family as if it had overtaken her own. But she could do nothing only pay them flying visits, send trifling gifts of fruit and flowers, and write pretty, sym- pathetic notes to Maude.
A few years of hardship and poverty told on Mrs. Gourlay's always feeble frame, still for her daughter's sake she clung to life with a strange tenacity; but when Maude's lover, who had gone to Australia to make his fortune, returned, not wealthy, but sufficiently so to claim his bride in her altered circumstances, Mrs. Gourlay seemed to have no other object to live for. Maude's marriage was hastened, and the very day after the ceremony the poor, weary, heart-broken mother died. George Leslie took his wife back with him to Sydney, and John and Roger were literally alone in the world.
As if in bitter mockery of their loss and loneliness, immediately after their mother's death the brothers inherited a small fortune. But it was too late for John to go back to his studies, too late for Roger to return to the piano; they had fallen into the groove of business, and John, at least, was seized with a feverish eagerness to turn his small fortune into a large one and become wealthy. So they went into business on their own account as Gourlay Brothers, with the firm resolu- tion of retrieving the position their fa- ther had lost, and a very few years saw them established in Whittier Street, and fairly on the high road to fortune. Then, one quiet summer evening, as they sat over their dessert, John opened his heart to his brother, and told him of all his hopes, dreams, and ambitions for the future.
You will be surprised, and I trust, pleased, to hear, Roger, that I love Alice Russell," he said laying his hand on his brother's arm; "I cannot remember the time when she was not dearer to me than all the world besides. The bitterest part of our misfortune was that it separated me from her; the only thing that has sus- tained me through our long struggle was the hope of some day winning her; noth- ing else can ever compensate me for the ruin of all my hopes and glorious ambi- tions. I once dreamed of being famous, Roger; for her sake I put that behind me, and have grubbed for gold like a miser. We, Gourlay Brothers, are on the high road to fortune; I may aspire to the hand of Alice now!"
"Surely, John," and the younger brother's voice was husky, and his hand shook as he took up his glass; "I drink to your success."
"Thanks, brother. I should have told you all this before, I should have con- fided in you, but I feared troubling you on my account; you would have seen a thou- sand shadows across my path, you would have been more unhappy than I was my- self. And now I want you to promise that it shall make no difference between us. We shall be Gourlay Brothers still!"
Roger stretched his hand across the table, and John gasped it heartily. Gour- lay Brothers to the end of the chapter, old fellow, and may you be as happy as you deserve. God bless you, John!"
John's face became a shade or two paler with emotion, and he walked up and down the room a few times; then he stood behind his brother's chair.
"Roger, you will think me very weak very nervous, but I dare not speak to, Alice myself. I could not bear a refusal from her. I have never even given her the most distant hint of my feelings. I have not the slightest reason to suppose she regards me as other than a mere ac- quaintance, at most as Maude's brother. Roger, we have always been friends as well as brothers—stand by me in this; you are less shy and more accustomed to women: see Alice for me, ask her to be my wife."
"John, you are mad! You do not mean it!"
"I do; it is my only chance. Plead for my happiness, brother, as I would for yours; I am a man of few words, but I feel deeply. A refusal from her lips would kill me; I could hear it from you."
"As you will, John; I'll do my best," and Roger leaned his head on his hand, and shaded his face from the light; "I'll call on Alice to-morrow."
The next day was the longest of John Gourlay's life, a bright, warm, happy day, that made people, even in the city, look glad and cheerful. He went about his business as usual, ate his luncheon, and walked home leisurely. Roger was standing at the window watching for him, and he kept his back to him when he entered the room.
"Well!" John said gently. "Well, Roger, have you seen her?"
"Yes, I've seen her," and Roger faced round suddenly; "John, old fellow, it's no use!"
"Brother!" and he lifted his hand as if to ward off a blow.
"It's no use," Roger went on, in a hard voice; "she does not love you. She loves some one else. Be a man, John, and bear it, for there's no hope."
One low, stifled groan, and then John Gourlay wrung his brother's hand and walked steadily out of the room. What he suffered in the hours that followed no one ever knew; and when he appeared at the dinner-table he was calm and self- possessed, but something had either come into his face or gone out of it, that altered him. But of the two Roger looked the most unhappy. The blow had really fallen most heavily on him.
"Jack, old fellow, we're Gourlay Broth- ers now, to the end of the chapter," he said, huskily. "I know you'll never marry, and neither will I." And some- how John felt that Roger meant what he said.
Twenty-five years passed by, a quarter of a century of changes and chances, and still the Gourlay Brothers held the even tenor of their way. They were rich be- yond their wishes or desires, and not al- together unhappy in their solitary friend- ship. Alice Russell seemed to have drift- ed completely out of their lives; her name was never mentioned, and whether she was married, or dead, they did not know.
One morning about the middle of Sep- tember, they were walking along the King's Road, at Brighton, whither they had gone for their annual holiday. Roger entered a shop to purchase something, and John stood outside looking dream-

ly at the passers-by. Suddenly he stared and advanced a step, as a lady in an in- valid-chair was wheeled by. Chancing to look up, she met his glance with a smile of recognition.
"Mr. Gourlay it surely is, it must be you. I am so glad to see you!"
"And I to meet you," John said, with a courteous bow. "I have not the pleas- ure of knowing—"
"My name—I am Alice Russell still," she said frankly.
At that moment Roger appeared. For an instant the blood forsook his ruddy face, while a hot crimson flush rose to Alice's pale cheek as she tried to stam- mer out some words of greeting. Roger was no less confused, and the expression of both faces was a revelation to John Gourlay. He felt as if the world had suddenly drifted away from him, and he was left solitary in some unknown space. But there was nothing of that in his voice as he asked Alice for her address, and permission to call upon her in the afternoon; then taking his brother by the arm he led him away, and they con- tinued their walk without exchanging a single word about the strange encounter.
In the afternoon John called at Miss Russell's hotel, and in a few moments he found himself seated beside her in a pleasant sitting-room overlooking the sea.
"Alice," he said, plunging into the subject at once, "do you remember a conversation you had with my brother a long time ago?"
"Yes, I remember, Mr. Gourlay," she replied, sadly.
"He made a request for me then which it was not in your power to grant; I am come to make a similar one for him now. Roger loves you, Alice. He has loved you all these long, weary years, though you will at last believe I did not know it then."
"Poor Roger!" Alice said, softly.
"You care about him? you will make him happy, even at this late hour? Tell me Alice, that you love my brother?"
"Yes, Mr. Gourlay, I do. Why should I deny it? I have loved him always, though I did not know that he cared about me; and if the little life that is left me can make him happier, I will de- vote it to him gladly, proudly—poor Roger! You see I am too old for pretences, Mr. Gourlay, and I fear I am dying; therefore I tell you all."
"Dying, Alice? No, no! you will live many years yet, I hope, to make my brother happy—brave, loyal, great-hearted Roger. Let me send him to you now; and Alice, for my old and long affection's sake, make him happy. He deserves it, and that is the only way I can ever help to repay the devotion of his life."
"I love him," Alice said, simply; "I cannot do any more."
In their lodgings John Gourlay found his brother pacing restlessly up and down.
"Roger, I've found out your secret and hers," he said, laying both hands on his shoulders; "loyal, faithful friend, go to her; she loves you, she is waiting for you."
"Poor Alice! how she must have suf- fered!"
"How we all have suffered! but it's nearly over now, Roger—the grief, pain, regret. It's all clear and bright. Roger, dear friend, can you forgive me?"
"Porgive you, John? say rather, will you forgive me?"
"True to the last," John murmured, as he wrung his brother's hand. "Now, Roger, go to her, she is waiting for you. She loves you—loves you, Roger! Good- by, and may you both be happy?"
Late that evening, when Roger Gour- lay returned home, full of deep, quiet gladness, he found his brother sitting in an easy-chair near the window, appar- ently asleep. The full moon shone down on his pale face; and showed a smile on his lips; his hands were clasped on an open book that rested on his knee. The at- titude was life-like, but at the very first glance Roger felt that his brother was dead. The doctors said he had died of disease of the heart. Perhaps they were right. More people die of that malady than the world knows of.
H.

What Eyes Are For.

The saying that the faculty of speech was given to men that they may conceal their thoughts is eclipsed by a reply attributed to the Chevalier Bunsen. He was present with Bishop Bloomfield and others at a "clairvoyant seance." The Bishop, amazed at the performance which, of course, he could not explain, exclaimed, "What, then, were our eyes given us for?" Bunsen immediately replied, "To limit our vision." This certainly is a clever paradox. The sig- nificant truth it expresses is confirmed in every observing man's experience. The hopeful and sanguine and curious see wonders mentally and can give the exact dimensions, capacity and style of "castles in the air." But when actual sight and experience are appealed to the airy vision is limited and circum- scribed by stubborn facts. Half our lives are spent in dreaming and the sight in dreams is far-reaching and mag- nifying. Bring the theories of philoso- phers and discoverers—the scope of their imagined vistas—down to the test that seeing is believing, and then they frequently find the things they think they see are but dissolving views. In the political field the "far-seeing" poli- ticians are preparing themselves for an illustration of Bunsen's definition. All see; but, since all do not see alike, there must be many cases of color blindness, and the roseate hue, in the actual light of events, will prove itself somber to ninety and nine. If our eyes are given us to limit our vision, those are wise who make the limit include what they actually know, and never overlook the present and practical in trying to peer beyond.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Suicide in France.

The most recently published figures show that suicide is on the increase in France. Before the Franco-German war the average number of suicides only slightly exceeded 5,000 a year, and now they exceed 6,000. In Paris there are three times as many suicides com- mitted as in the country. Most of the men who destroy themselves are bache- lers. The spring is the time of year when suicide is most frequent, and death by hanging is more usually resorted to than any other mode of self-destruction, being considered more expeditious.

THE LAST HOUR.

The long day dies with sunset down the west:
Comes the young moon through violet fields of air;
A fragrance finer than the south winds bear
Breathes from the sea—the time is come for rest.
I wait. Birds nestward fly through deepen- ing blue,
O heart! Take comfort, peace will find thee, too.
For lo! between the lights, when shadows wane,
Heart calls to heart across the widening breach
Of bitter thought, chill touch and jarring speech.
And Love cries out to take his own again.
Give me the kiss of peace.
Hold not your anger after the spent sun.
Lo! I have wrought with sorrow all the day.
With tear-wet cypress, and with bitter bay
Bound all my doors. No thread of song has run
Beside my thought to lighten it for me.
Rise up and with forgiveness set me free.
For who may boast a gift of lengthened breath?

And, lest you watch to-morrow's sun arise
Across my face, new touched with sudden death
And the mute pathos of unanswering eyes
Turn not aside my hand outstretched, nor smile.

The yearning heart. Let Love's repentance
Have Love's reward. All life is mixed with fate.
And oh, beloved! Death's angel will not wait
For summoned feet to haste on anxious rounds.

With "Forsake, forgive, we pass to night!"
All day regret has walked and talked with me,
And, lest to-morrow it should go with thee,
Give me the kiss of peace.

Julia C. Marsh

DANCED WITH A SKELETON.

The Horror That Startled Ball-Room Revelers—Feigning Insanity to Get Out of the Army—Crowing Like a Rooster and Ar- resting His Superior Officers at Midnight.

[New York Mercury.]

In the spring of 1878 George Francis Hochstein, thirty-two years of age, a native of Brunswick, North Germany, landed at Castle Garden in company with two young friends from his native town. They were all well provided with funds. All three left Germany to avoid military service. All were the sons of people in good circumstances. Hochstein alone remained in New York, the others going immediately to Chicago. Hochstein after bidding good-by to his friends, took his baggage to a hotel in the Bowery. He was immediately an object of atten- tion to some of his countrymen, who were always on the lookout for "green- horns," the real object being to rope the unsophisticated stranger into one of those dens.

COMMONLY CALLED "SKIN GAMES."

Hochstein visited the Atlantic Garden the first night after his arrival in Amer- ica, and was delighted with the beer, the music, the ladies' orchestra, and finally with the unusual liberality of two young countrymen, who paid for his whole en- tertainment, compelling him to put his money back in his pocket. No won- der his heart opened to such good fel- lows. When they proposed to show him the American elephant he was more de- lighted than ever. Just where his new friends took him, or how it happened that he "copped the ten spot," don't matter now. He woke up next morning with a headache, and only 6 cents left out of \$1,200. Hochstein told his trou- ble to his landlord, but the only sym- pathy he got was being called a "Dutch fool."

IT WAS A ROUGH BEGINNING

for a fortune in America. Meeting one of his fellow-passengers in the street, Hochstein borrowed a dollar from him. This gave him food for two days, during which time he tried hard to get some- thing to do. He could find nothing. The third day, by the advice of another countryman, he enlisted as a common soldier for five years in Uncle Sam's service. The enlistment was made under an assumed name, Hochstein being too much ashamed of what had befallen him to let his family know anything of it.

THIRTEEN RECRUITS

of whom Hochstein was one, were sent to help swell the ranks of the Eleventh Infantry, four companies of which reg- iment form the garrison at Fort Sully, Dakota Territory. The life of a soldier became intolerably dull and irksome to Hochstein. He was also very homesick. Desertion was almost impossible, and a discharge in his case was hopeless. All sorts of plans to get released from ser- vice, he says, were discussed by the men. Insanity was the only dodge possible, and that hazardous, even dangerous.
"For more than a month," said Hoch- stein, "I was considering day and night how to fool them into believing me really insane. The trouble I feared was the soldiers. They really knew I was sane enough, and if I tried to play off any of my tricks they might give me away."

BUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT,

Private Hochstein, gun in hand, invaded the officers' quarters and endeavored to put them all under arrest. For this first display of insanity, Hochstein was kept in the guard house for a month, the post surgeon declaring the prisoner not in- sane, but vicious. At the end of his con- finement, Hochstein was put back on duty, and warned not to try insanity again unless he was anxious for some- thing worse than the guard house.

"But I knew I was insane," said Hoch- stein; "the only trouble was to make them believe it. Of course, I was not sane after only one trial. I tried it again."

This time Hochstein climbed up on the roof of a building and astonished the officer of the day by suddenly crow- ing loudly. This feat soon brought the whole garrison out to see what was the matter. The officer ordered Hochstein to come down, but he refused. He was the cock that must crow three times to warn St. Peter that he was telling a lie, he said. This was only his first crow, and it would take two hours to finish, and make Peter a liar. The officer or- dered some men to bring him down, but before they could do so, he crowed twice more, and announced his mission of cock-crowing ended. St. Peter could tell as many stories as he pleased, but after this Colonel Wood or some one in command, would have to do the crowing whenever Peter didn't tell the truth.

THIS CAPER COST

Hochstein another month in the guard- house. He played his part as well as he could, hoping the Post Surgeon would finally pronounce him insane and order

him to be sent to the Asylum at Washing- ton. That would insure his discharge from the army. But the Surgeon was still skeptical.
"During this last time in the guard- house," said Hochstein, "I got desperate and determined to do something differ- ent. My insanity was a failure, and I had to think of something horrible to do or they would only keep me locked up in the guard-house." When at liberty again Hochstein waited patiently for his opportunity, and when it came he promptly improved it.
There happened to be a number of ladies in the fort at this time, officers' wives and others. This was Hochstein's opportunity to put a climax to his in- sanity dodge. Just when the company was in full enjoyment, and the dancing was fairly inspiring, came a horrible in- terruption. In among the dancers strode Private Hochstein, fantastically rigged out, and carrying in his arms his partner, a skeleton. "We are a little late," he said. I had to wait for my partner, but we'll make up for lost time; won't we my dear?" addressing the skeleton.
THERE WAS INSTANT COMMOTION.
Two or three ladies fainted, others screamed with horror and fright. The music stopped. Hochstein and his skel- eton were thrust out, the man himself put in the guard house. There was no doubt now about his insanity. Some of the dancers of that party will not soon forget the terrible fright he gave them. Hochstein was speedily sent to the asy- lum at Washington, as a dangerous lunatic. From that institution he soon after received his discharge from the service. "I had trouble with that skeleton," said Hochstein. "I had to rob a cemetery to get it. It was not easy to find an old grave suitable. Then it took much work to tie it together so it would play the part at all. But that last trick was quite enough. They sent me to Washington, saying mine was the worse case of insan- ity they had ever seen."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

It is quite common, and some would think it fashionable, to cry out against circumstantial evidence; while the fact is—and a fact not to be disputed—that no evidence is more reliable.

Circumstances do not lie; they are trustworthy as far as they go, and the only thing required to render the evidence indisputable is, that no link in the chain shall be lacking.

To be sure there is liability to error, but it is not through danger that the cir- cumstances may prove treacherous, but that a witness may be mistaken in his direct evidence or testimony. Absolute- ly and truly, his direct testimony—the recounting of what a man has himself seen or heard—is always to be accepted with caution; and it not unfrequently happens that such testimony, given in the utmost good faith, proves false and treacherous.

Let me tell you a story to illustrate what I mean. It transpired about twenty years ago, on the shores of the Hudson.

A young lady—I forget the name but we will supply fictitiously—Mary Adams was missed from her home. Her disappearance caused intense excitement, and the excitement ran wild when it was at length announced that she had been murdered. Her body had been found on the shores of a tributary of the Hudson River, with bruises upon her head, which gave ample evidence that her death had been a violent one.

Such bruises might have been gained by falling upon the rocks above the spot where the remains were found, but there were other circumstances that pointed in another and more ghastly direction.

A young man named William Clay- pole was arrested under accusation of the murder of Mary Adams. A prelimi- nary examination before Justice afforded sufficient evidence to bind him over to appear before a jury. Claypole had waited upon Miss Adams for a year or more, and during the two or three months past their intercourse had not been of the happiest kind.

She was proved to be gay and laughter- loving, with a light, volatile disposition, a heart warm, and impulsive, and im- patient of restraint. Claypole, it appeared, had been exceedingly jealous and exact- ing; prone to fault finding, and ready to make his affianced miserable and fearful if she dared to look smilingly upon another man.

It was proved by several witnesses that Claypole had threatened Miss Adams with terrible vengeance if he ever caught her doing certain trifling things again; and a man of the town—a man respect- able and reliable—had seen the twain to- gether in angry discussion on the very night of the murder.

He had been on his way home on foot, and walking leisurely along the river's bank not a hundred yards from where the dead body had been found. He had heard Claypole use language of terrible significance, and one sentence, spoken loudly and distinctly, he could repeat word for word and swear to it.

It was a bright moonlight evening, and he had gained but a short distance from the angry pair when he saw the man grasp the girl by the arm and fiercely exclaim:

"I'd rather kill you and throw your body into this cold flood than live un- der such torment as you've made me suffer for the last few weeks. Beware! I tell you, woman, I am desperate."

To this the man swore most positively. He remembered the circumstances and the exact date, and that was on the evening of which Mary had left her home not to return. William Claypole was com- mitted for trial, and in due time he was brought before the jury.

If anything the evidence before the jury was more conclusive than had been the preliminary evidence. There was more of it, and it all pointed directly to the accused. In fact, if Mary Adams had been killed, it was an absolute impos- sibility that any one else could have done it. That she could have killed herself was a proposition not to be entertained.

William Claypole told his story. Most of the evidence he acknowledged true.

He had been exceedingly jealous, and he had threatened the girl, and though he could not clearly remember all that he might have said under the influence of strong passion, yet he would not deny that the man who had reported his last terrible speech upon the river bank had reported correctly.

He said he had been there with Mary

on that evening, and he remembered that he saw the witness on the road. After seeing witness he spoke the angry, im- pulsive words to Mary. He could only swear to the simple fact that very short- ly after using the language just present- ed he had become startled by his own fierce passions, and bade her go to her home, telling her that he hoped he might never see her again. With that she had left him, and he knew no more.
Claypole's story bore the stamp of truth in everything save the bearing up- on it of the facts already stated. Every- body was sorry. Nobody believed that William Claypole ever nourished murder in his heart. It had been but the crea- ture of dreadful impulse.
Yet the evidence was all against him—all, all—and not a point whereon to hang a doubt, and he was found guilty of murder.
One bright, pleasant day, while Wil- liam Claypole lay crushed and broken in his dark cell, and while the people shook their heads in sorrow that one so young and promising should meet so ter- rible a fate—on such a day Mary Adams appeared before the jailer and demanded to see the prisoner who had been accused of her murder.
The jailer came nigh to fainting with superstitious terror; but, by-and-by the applicant succeeded in convincing him that she was a thing of flesh and blood like other women, and he admitted her to the prison. We need not describe the scene that followed the meeting of the lovers. In some respects it was sacred. In due time the custodians of judicial power and authority came to the pris- on, where they listened to a new revela- tion.
Mary Adams was not dead at all! The story which her lover had told was true. On that night of the quarrel, fearing that he might do some rash thing and really desirous, for the time, of getting out of the way and beyond his knowledge, she returned secretly to her house, where she made up a small bundle of necessary clothing, and then unknown to any one, she crept away, and before morning she was beyond the possibility of reach or recognition.
Having found a new home in a far- away mountainous region, she had not seen any newspaper until she had been several weeks in her new home. She read the account of her own death, and of the arrest of her old lover for her murder, with astonishment, and now she had come to set matters right.
As fortune would have it, on the very day of Miss Adams' return, an officer from an insane asylum appeared in search of an escaped patient, whom, after weeks of labor, he had succeeded in tracing in that direction. He saw the garments that had been taken from the body of the dead woman, and recognized them at once as having belonged to his patient.
"The initials, 'M. A.," which had been supposed to stand for Mary Adams, were really meant to represent "Mortonbor- ough Asylum." The officer saw Miss Adams, and declared that if he had met her on the highway, or in a crowded pub- lic conveyance, he should certainly have arrested her. Her resemblance to the patient he had sought was wonderful.
And so the truth was known at last. By a fortunate revolution of the wheel light came to Mary Adams, and her re- appearance upon the scene came with saving power to William Claypole.
The lovers went away from the prison together, and certainly we have very just ground for the belief that the ordeal through which they had passed had been sufficient in its terrible experience to lead and sustain them in the only safe and peaceful way of life—the way of trustful love and wise forbearance.
"Behold from this," cries one, "the danger of relying upon circumstantial evidence!"
But we beg that one's pardon. The circumstances did not lie; it was the direct testimony that proved false, as is very often apt to be the case.—Exchange.

Chased by a Water-Spout.

William H. Hallock, who not long ago was a passenger on a steamship of the Pacific Mail Company, tells of an exciting experience while the ship was off the coast of Guatemala. A water- spout of tremendous power suddenly appeared near the ship. In the midst of the consternation the Captain or- dered his course reversed, and soon the steamer was driving along, with the wa- terspout in pursuit. Its crest was hid- den in a dark mass of cloud, its base seeming to operate like an immense re- volving colander, while the entire ex- ternal periphery formed a cushion of foam, over which the sea bird screamed, occasionally seizing upon the dead fish which came within reach. The spout itself formed a sort of spiral cylinder, streaked with opaque parallel lines through its whole length, from the sur- face of the sea upward. These lines were evidently ascending columns of water, for afterward, when the upper and lower sections became detached, the accumulated volume of water over- head immediately began its descent within the body of the spout, as though it had been the valve of an immense syringe. The water thus released must have been equal to several tons, as it was solid and almost black and re- turned to the sea with a loud roar, all the other parts of the aerial structure gradually dissipating. Perhaps the most singular of all was the serpentine form assumed by the section nearest the clouds, which moved off at first al- most horizontally and then turned up itself in a perfect coil, so that for a mo- ment, when the end of the aqueous rope—or whatever it was—switched around squarely to the eye of the ob- server, showing a section, it resembled a ball of ink. When the spout was in its finest condition lightning several times flew through the penumbra in zig-zag courses, making a spectacle not only terrible in the manifestation of power, but sublime and beautiful.—Philadelphia Times.

WHERE farmers and mechanics inter- marry, says J. B. Olcott in the *Christ- ian Union*, in the old way, as the wis- er ones continually do, keeping up an in- timacy with the soil and an inter- change of employments and imple- ments through the garden, farm and workshop, mutations of fortune find them versatile, and as ready to fall up- on their feet with every change of af- fairs as a cat.

